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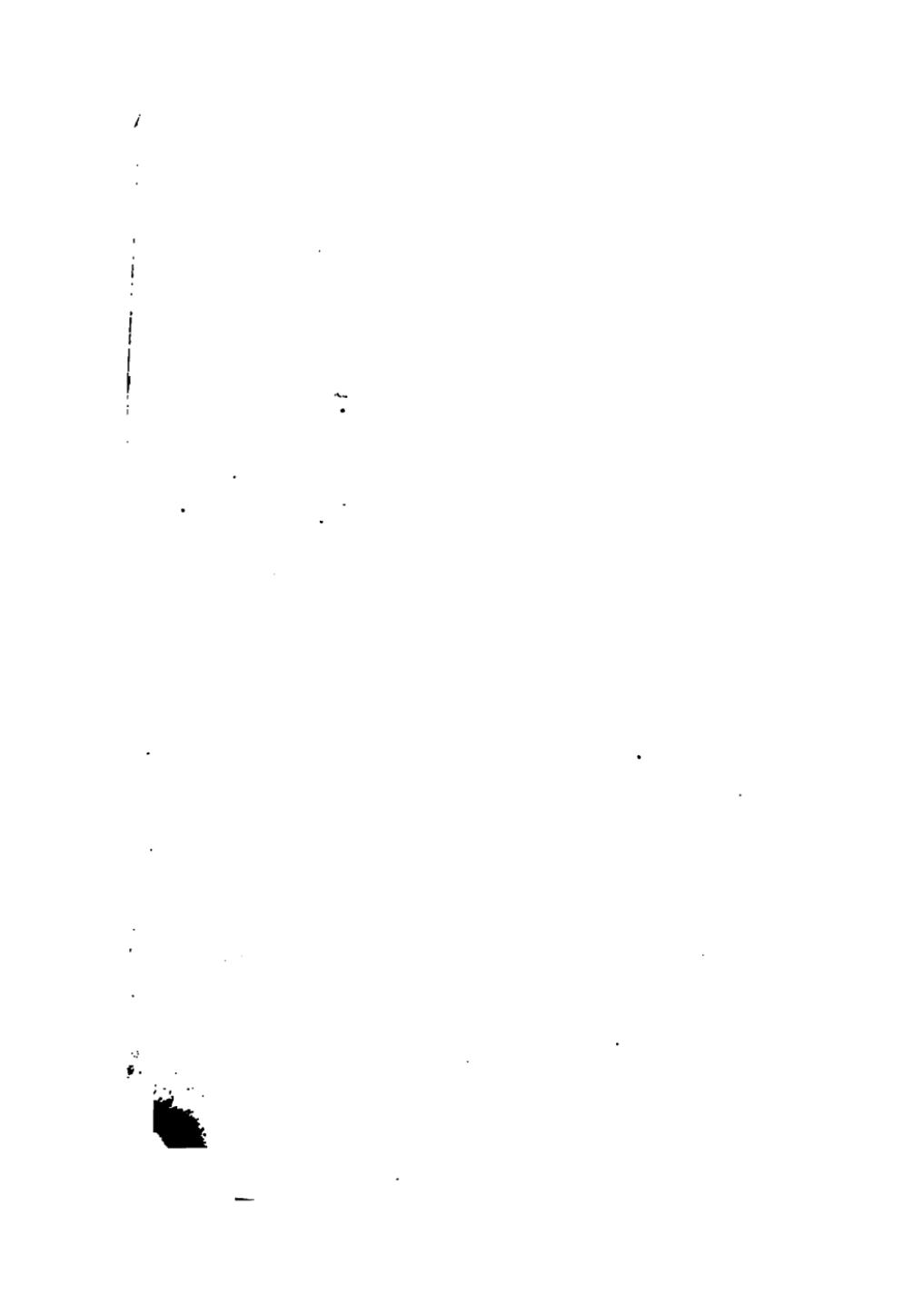


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POEMS OF THE NEW TIME

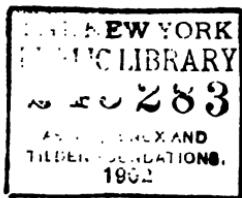
*A VOLUME OF LYRIC VERSE, INCLUDING
KICKAPOO RIVER BALLADS IN CHARAC-
TER AND KISMET, A LYRIC DRAMA
AFTER A GREEK MODEL*

BY

MILES MENANDER DAWSON

NEW YORK
PRINTED
NEW YORK
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1901



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VRAJELI

DEDICATED
TO ONE WHO IS THE ~~CREATOR~~
OF SOME OF THESE ~~PIECES~~
AND THE
INSPIRATION OF MORE
MY WIFE.

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SOLIDARITY.

The world is mine, to live in and enjoy,
 Is mine to love in and to weep,
Is mine to build upon but not destroy,
 Is mine to labor in and sleep.
The world is mine, my heritage it is ;
 It is not mine alone;
Who's born of woman, it is also his,
 His title is my own.

'Tis more my own than were it given me
 To hold in undisturbed repose.
For me alone, a desert it would be ;
 Men make it blossom like the rose.
And whoso will not for my title fight,
 Must likewise his resign :
And whoso tramples on another's right,
 Abridges also mine.

We stand together ; neither can escape
 Our joint responsibility.
The injuries we do each other, shape
 The common, racial destiny.
Our interests are mutual, communal,
 Wherever we may be ;
The blows which on a cowering fellah fall,
 Are an affront to me.

Americans, 'tis time we understood :

Our flag, the red, the white, the blue,
Means Freedom, Equal Rights and Brotherhood
 For all Earth's children, as for you.
That fellow-men in Cuba or Cathay—
 It matters nothing where—
Are driven as slaves beneath a despot's sway,
 That, tco, is my affair.

The world grows smaller ; men are closer drawn ;
 Antipodeans now are neighbors ;
And sympathetic strikes announce the dawn
 Of justice for each man who labors.
National lines are nothing ; all is this :
 Whoso wills every man
 To be as free as he would be—he is
My fellow-countryman.

Our grandsires summoned hither the oppressed
 Of every nation ; they have thronged
 Unto us from the east and from the west,
 The souls by cruel tyrants wronged.
 Our land is full ; let us our shield extend
 To whereso'er men be ;
While anywhere man must to despots bend,
 I am not wholly free.

SUNSET.

There's a broad window toward the west
In that old home of ours,
From which our sunshine watched the birds,
The squirrels and the flowers.
Thence, too, she looked for "choo-choo cars"
To bring me home from town ;
And there we sat together when
The sun went down.

That beautiful, familiar scene
I cherish for her sake,
The stretch of meadow, bit of wood,
The silver-bosomed lake,
The ridge that parted earth and sky
By an uneven line ;
These were her world, her fairyland
As she was mine.

One year, her second and her last,
She learned to lisp her words
Before that window, named the flowers,
The squirrels and the birds ;
And, when night came, with quavering voice
And eyes so big and brown,
She sorrowed : "Sun gone down, papa ;
Sun gone down !"

With brown curls resting on my breast,
 Clasped to me, snug and tight,
 She peered into the gathering gloom
 And at the waning light ;
 And, though the darkness brought her tears,
 It did not bring her fear ;
 There were no horrors she would dread
 With papa near.

But, when the sunset aureole
 Had faded from the west,
 We turned us from the window and
 I sang my babe to rest ;
 And as the sun which sets at eve
 Is with the dawn reborn,
 The lids which veiled her big, brown eyes
 Unclosed at morn.

One day the sun arose but she
 Still lingered in her bed
 And slowly from the big, brown eyes
 The spirit's sunshine fled ;
 And, when her body, pale and still,
 Lay in its snow-white gown,
 Then, though the sun stood at high noon,
 My sun went down.

WAITING FOR THE DAWN.

She came like floods of sunshine
 Between the gusts of rain,
Like stretches of sweet respite
 Between the throbs of pain.
We never knew such joy before
 Nor will we soon again.

She filled our hearts a-brimming
 With tenderness and love,
Such as we had not dreamed of
 Nor guessed the flavor of.
The few short months of her we prize
 All other days above.

Like a bright revelation
 She burst upon our earth ;
We prize within our memories
 The moment of her birth
 And after she had come to us,
 All else was little worth.

The days she tarried with us
 With rapture we recall ;
The day that we were parted
 With bitterness of gall ;
Yet this thought checks our grieving : “If
 She had not been at all——?”

Her day of life was better
 Than never to have been,
 And death is not so dreadful
 As living long in sin.
 Before death's awful mystery
 We stand and peer therein.

The sun is not extinguished
 Because a while withdrawn ;
 He seems to set at even,
 Yet ever shines he on ;
 Thus we who sunned us in her light
 Are waiting for the dawn;
 Are waiting for the shadows
 Which here from there divide,
 To lift and let her love-light
 Stream through the gate-ways wide.
 A little child is leading us,
 The little girl that died.

ROBERT BURNS.

He was the people's poet, he was of them ?
 He turned not from their humble cots away.
 He never raised his poet-wings above them
 But close against their pulsing bosom lay.
 There from that heart he learned his rhythm and
 rhyming,
 His inspiration from its throb he drew ;
 The people's heart was to his music timing,
 The people's wrongs inspired him through and
 through.

THE REPUBLIC.

America, our fatherland
 Land of the brave and free!
 When once upon thy shore they stand,
 They who have fled from bondage
 Slaves can no longer be.

We sing mankind's delivery
 And all men's hope we sing.
 This is the land of liberty;
 This is the royal union
 Where every man is king

America, thy sacred soil
 Is for the free and brave !
 Among thy hardy sons of toil
 Not one is less sovereign,
 Not one his fellow's slave.

We sing the people's sovereignty,
 Man's dignity we sing.
 This is the land of liberty ;
 This is the royal union
 Where every man is king.

America, the people's realm,
 Ruled by the wise and true !
 God grant that never at the helm
 May selfish men be stationed
 Who will man's rights undo !

We sing of freemen's loyalty,
 Their brotherhood we sing.
 This is the land of liberty ;
 This is the royal union
 Where every man is king.

America, thy race of kings,
 Wise, faithful, brave and free,
 Each cheerfully as now he sings,
 When foes their sovereignty threaten,
 Will fight and die for thee.

Yes, unto death fidelity
 To thee we pledge and sing :
 This glorious land of liberty
 Shall be a royal union
 And every man a king !

BEREAVED.

Alas, that never to thy straining ears,
 Dear, mourning mother, shall those little lips
 Prattle the name of mother ! Thou hast laid
 Thy weary darling on the placid face
 Of Death's dark river which returns
 Nought given to his keeping. Though, perchance,
 Some Pharaoh's daughter of celestial line
 Took up the slumbering infant from the stream
 And had her for her own, thy human eye
 Parts not the curtains of the other world
 To herald back the tidings: She is safe.

THE PRESENCE.

The great, sad souls of every age
 Have walked with God ;
 'Mid unseen witnesses the sage
 Has ever trod.

Though, save on great occasions, they
 Reserve their speech,
 They never fail his call but stay
 Within his reach.

All spirits of the good and true
 About him stand
 And proffer aid ; he needs but to
 Put forth his hand.

Upheld by such as these is he
 Whose cause is just ;
 He meets whatever is to be
 With simple trust.

'Tis thus he tastes of victory
 Though overthrown ;
 'Tis thus that in the desert he
 Is not alone ;

'Tis thus he doth his potion take
 Without a cry ;
 'Tis thus he for his fellows' sake
 Fears not to die.

OUR DAUGHTER.

Ah, we will not forget it soon,
 That still and balmy night in June
 When 'neath your thrilling bosom, wife,
 Our daughter lay, loved into life.

Love shimmered in her upturned eye
 The while she drained your fountain dry ;
 She came to show the measure of
 The possibilities of love.

How we had for her coming longed !
 How through us new emotions thronged !
 How planned we for her, you and I !
 We could not know that she would die.

How, like all beauteous things, she grew—
 Like blossoms fed by sun and dew—
 Like blossoms promising sweet fruit—
 And deep in our joined hearts struck root !

The promise failed us ; in a night
 She paled and withered in our sight.
 Say not "God took her," rather say
 "She looked on life and turned away."

We fortified the one dear spot
 Which held our own ; had we forgot
 That nowhere is one child secure
 While pestilence mows down the poor ?

Say not "God took her ;" man's at fault
 That any ere his full time halt ;
 And as life is, to live or die—
 Which is the better, know not I !

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

I ask not joy
 Save that which comes of duties done,
 Of lessons learned and victories won ;
 But like a boy,
 My curiosity thirsts on,
 Famished by what it feeds upon.

Let there be light ;
 Let me not anything believe,
 Delusive, purposed to deceive !
 May not my sight
 Distort the objects I behold,
 And make all things which glitter gold !

I have no fear
 Of what truth may disclose to me ;
 I wish things as they are, to be.
 They are not dear
 Because familiar ; false gods go
 When the true gods their faces show.

Though it should render
The labor of my life in vain
And all the travail of my brain,
I would surrender
All I had fondly thought to know
If the new truth must have it so.

Though it should prove
That in the grave all which am I
Will evermore corrupting lie,
Or that instead I cannot die,
Will sink to hell or rise on high,
Or lose in great Nirvana my
Identity or in a fly,
I would remove
The veil that separates between
My hungry eyes and the unseen
And know the truth—and be serene.

THOMAS PAINE.

“**The world is** my country and to do good my religion.”
 Pure patriot who the war began
 For solidarity of man,
 Proclaiming : World-wide socialism
 Is the ideal patriotism !
 Malignant religionist who saw
 “To do good” is God’s only law ;
 And, seeing, understood that this
 The soul of all religions is !

TRIUMPH.

Like dead the grain slept under
 A winding-sheet of snow
 Throughout the long, drear winter
 Without a thought to grow.

But when earth's trance was breaking
 Ere wind-flower, tree or bird
 Proclaimed the coming summer,
 The life within it stirred.

Upon the steaming hillside
 Turned to the south it lay
 Where earliest the sunshine
 Melted the drifts away ;

And as the sun rose higher,
 It struck in earth its roots
 And unto the life-giver
 Sent up its pale, green shoots.

In vain the March rains, beating,
 Crushed it against the slope ;
 Up it arose, undaunted,
 Invincible as hope.

Then came mild breezes wooing,
 April and May and June,
 With tender touch and whisper
 And murmur of a tune.

The sun's warmth throbbed along it
And all its substance through,
By gentle raindrops tempered
Or soothing cool of dew.

Up through it welled rich juices,
As in a mother's breast,
A milky flood to nourish
The young grain at its crest.

At last the stalks stood proudly,
Bearing the ripened fruit
Erect with air of triumph,
Straight upward from the root.

And when the stately harvest
Was golden in the sun,
It laughed unto the reapers :
"Welcome, my work is done!"

EMILY.

The sun was shining brightly
That sabbath morn of rest ;
No cloud lay in the heavens
Save a wee one in the west.
A merry bird sang from the birch
To birdlings in the nest
When past me tripped a little maid
With daisies on her breast.

And she was shy and modest
 As is the summer breeze
 Which flees with stealthy footsteps
 Through whispering grass and trees.
 My thoughts went with the little maid
 As dews come with the eve ;
 The simple story of her love
 I could not choose but weave.

Last night her peasant lover
 Walked with her by the strand
 Where amorous old ocean
 Kissed the retiring land.
 He spoke sweet words into her ear ;
 Her trembling little hand
 Was pressed so tenderly in his
 As they paced down the sand.

She listened to his story
 And answered with a kiss ;
 Her cheek and fluttering bosom
 Lay pantingly on his.
 This morning will the parish priest
 Announce the coming bliss
 And soon the marriage bells will ring
 Another day like this.

And this is why the maiden
 So shyly passes by ;
 And this is why her lashes
 Droop o'er her downcast eye ;
 And this is why her pretty cheek
 Is blushing all so shy ;
 While one wee cloud is in the west
 And the sun is bright on high.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

Oh, know ye the hours of despair and of gloom
 When pervadeth the nostrils the must of the tomb ?
 When the air is as lead and the sunlight of day
 As the cold glare of brass and as children at play
 The deeds of the great, busy world round about
 And lethargy seemeth within and without ?
 We think and we act as it were in a dream
 And re-question ourselves : Are these things as
 they seem ?

Strange voices come to us as words on the wind
 From far in the distance, like fancies of mind.
 The ears bear a burden which sinks in the soul
 As if a funereal bell were to toll.
 Ah, this is the hour of all hours that are past
 When everything loosened and nothing was fast—
 The sceptical season that all men must try
 That the better may live and the poorer may die !

ASPIRATION.

A little country maiden
Of beauty rare was she
Who sat beside the river
And dreamed of what should be.

The sheer hills towered above her
Like walls together hurled
And only the dimpling river
Led out into the world.

The strip of sky was narrow,
The sun went down at noon
And on the heels of morning
Grey evening skulked soon.

Her life, too, was so narrow,
Pent in by crag and steep ;
Small wonder that her spirit
Followed the water's sweep;

Followed the dancing current
Which swung and swerved and swirled
With rhythmical progression
Unto the untried world.

Borne down upon the waters,
Her spirit filled and thrilled,
The while the deep heart-hunger
Beneath her breast was stilled.

Before her, grand though formless,
The wider life revolved;
To mansions, towers and temples
The furrowed cliffs resolved;

The murmur of the waters
As they were borne along
Grew into swells of music
And tender tides of song.

Hers was no fierce ambition
To dominate the earth,
But to all things experience
And be, herself, of worth;

Save that, but to some hero
To give herself as wife
And bear him glorious children;
Such was the wider life.

Why should it be denied her?
Alas, I do not know,
Save that the wise are foolish
And will not have it so;

That they know not the uses
Of persons or of things,
Nor that he labors better
Who labors as he sings.

I LOVE THEE.

Before thy coming, love of mine,
I had not known the light;
Thou camest like the glad sunshine
Unto the prisoner's sight.
The white glow of thy spirit shone
Into the dark depths of my own.

I dwell within the sunshine of thee;
Light of my life, I love thee, love thee!

Before thy coming, truly I
Knew joy but as a word,
As some fair, fabled butterfly
Of which I read or heard.

The happiness that in thee is
Tries my capacity for bliss.

I revel in the pleasure of thee;
Joy of me, I love thee, *more, more*



THE THISTLE.

Ha, prickle-armèd knight,
 How oft the world hath cursed thee,
 Thou pestilence of earth,
 The beldame who hath nursed thee !

Hath hellish Proserpine
 Her needles lent to arm thee
 That mischief-loving gods,
 Pricked sorely, may not harm thee ?

Or hath the mirthful Love
 Presented thee his pinions
 To dress thy tiny seeds,
 The curse of man's dominions !

Thou like a maiden art
 Who best can find protection
 Employed at needlework
 From idleness' infection.

And like a prude thou art
 When he who loves embraces ;
 Thou dost repel with thorns
 And she with sharper phrases.

And like the wraith thou art
 Wherewith my heart is haunted ;
 Ye both take most delight
 Where ye the least are wanted.

THE PREACHER.

Throughout his long, devoted life
 His thirst was to do good ;
 He sought to serve his fellow-man
 As best he could.

He knew a straight line could not be
 By any trick a curve
 And from the letter of God's law
 He dared not swerve.

The warnings that might save mankind
 He dared not leave unsaid ;
 But while he told God's heartlessness,
 His own heart bled.

My brother, to that heartless God
 I will not bend the knee ;
 I like not gods worse than myself
 But I love thee.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

Poor old man
 Who in the blooming time of youth
 Stood forth, the champion of truth,
 The friend of justice and the foe
 Of vested wrong and wealth and show ;
 Yet in the harvest-time of age
 Wished to obliterate that page.

No one can

Be laureate, worthy in his stead,
 So say they. Peace unto the dead !
 Swinburne—Morris—each is foe
 Of vested wrong and wealth and show.
 God grant that neither ever fall
 From first to second Locksley Hall.
 Poor old man !

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

I love my country ; love that spot of earth
 Where I was born. The very fact of birth
 Makes me to love it ; 'tis my fatherland.
 Things to my eyes familiar on each hand
 Draw sympathetic tears.

My heart is touched to look on scenes I know
 From boyhood ; as with fears
 We view strange faces and strange customs, so
 Propinquity endears.

I love my country ; I would have it be
 The guardian of all men's liberty.
 Slaves, once they reach it, are no longer slaves.
 Oh let it stretch its arms across the waves
 And stay th' oppressive hand
 Of tyranny beneath whatever name,
 Whatever banner ; and
 Of such a land 'twere glory to proclaim :
 "This is my native land."

I love my country and in him I see
 My country's most insidious enemy
 Who seeks its privileges to confine
 To those of Anglo-Saxon race and mine.

We guard our liberties
 When all men's freedom as our own we prize.
 Himself he only frees
 Who frees all others ; we must recognize
 No narrow boundaries.

I love my country ; let it be so wide
 That in it all men everywhere may hide!
 I grow with it ; increase its domination.
 And citizens are lifted with the nation.

It is worth while to fight
 To free ourselves by making others free,
 So that in all men's sight
 To go wherever one may list may be
 Not privilege but right.

I love my country ; I would make it great
 Beyond the limits of a petty state.
 All men who wish their fellows to be free
 Should constitute this sovereign state with me.

Heredity or chance
 Of birth or language would not do alone ;
 But dwellers in all lands
 Should join us, crying ; "Earth shall be our own—
 And every other man's !"

The world's my country ; I am citizen
 Of no mean nation and my countrymen
 Are all earth's denizens save them alone
 Who will not all men's equal freedom own.

Let at their heads be hurled
 The righteous vengeance of the good and great
 Until all flags are furled
 In universal peace and one free state
 Encompasses the world !

HENRY J. NEWTON.

Thou art not dead ! How often, friend,
 Thou'st told us ; "Death is not the end.
 The dissolution of this frame
 But frees the vital flame !"

Thou art not dead ! The quickened ear
 The words we cannot catch can hear ;
 And living to the quickened eye
 Thou standest : "Here am I !"

Thou art not dead ! Thy part is still
 To prove death cannot spirit kill.
 With joy and triumph be it said :
 "Thou art not—art not dead !"



THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

What Is.

Begotten of a sire whom lust compels
 Against his calmer will to propagate ;
 Conceived by one who to her husband sells
 For a support her power to procreate ;

Born of a mother who beholds with dread
 Th' approach of every fresh maternity ;
 By precept, punishment, example bred
 To look out for himself from infancy ;

Initiated in the art of preying
 Upon the riches for which others toiled ;
 Not growing but forevermore decaying,
 Whether he prove despoiler or despoiled ;

Uncertain ever, ever insecure ;
 Too gay for tears, too desperate for laughter ;
 Of but one thing in all his lifetime sure
 And that its end—but not of what comes after.

What Ought To Be.

Begotten of a sire who, longing, views
 Them who shall be his children, by his side ;
 Conceived by one who deems to reproduce
 Her heart's ideal proper cause for pride ;

Born of a mother who awaits with joy
 Impatiently the advent of her child ;
 Bred to seek others' welfare from a boy
 By parents' deeds and admonitions mild ;

Trained to be useful to his fellow creature,
 A blessing to his day and neighborhood ;
 Waxing in courage, strength and spirit-stature,
 Unfolding like the flower from the bud ;

Forever hopeful, to his purpose holding ;
 Brave-spirited, replete with happiness ;
 In life triumphant and in death beholding
 The open door to wider usefulness.

What Shall It Be?

Which will you have it? Evolution
 Is not unconscious, not an accident,
 But the result of all men's resolution ;
 The blows that drive mankind ahead, are
 meant.

Do you your part ; the race is what you make it.
 Its future and your own is in your hands.
 Perfect it, mar it, cherish it, forsake it,
 Your victory or overthrow is man's.

LAMENTATIONS.

There comes a lamentation from the mountain and
the plain,
From Kansas' corn, Dakota's wheat, Louisiana's
cane,
From Alabama's cotton-fields and from Montana's
mines,
Wherever in our fatherland the yellow sunlight
shines.

There comes a lamentation from the close-packed
tenement,
From slum and dive and ghetto where the sons of
toil are pent,
From Boston, from Chicago, San Francisco and
New York ;
From every city in the land come pleading cries
for work;

The wail of helpless beings, desperate, forsaken,
doomed,
Diseased, depraved, corrupting, in a living grave
entombed ;
The wail of children nurtured in filth, poverty and
crime
And lofty souls revolting at life's sordidness and
slime ;

The wail of infants starving and of mothers gaunt
and lean,
Of fathers in whose sunken eyes no ray of hope is
seen ;
The wail of noble spirits who their fellows' welfare
willed,
Whose generous aspirations in the fight for bread
are stilled.

What mean these lamentations ? For the anguished
lips are dumb ;
Save cries for food and shelter no complaints across
them come.
But there are food and shelter—yea, for all who
such deserve—
And all things but—the privilege to one another
serve.

There's raiment for the naked backs and for the
starving, bread ;
There's shelter for the homeless and there's burial
for the dead ;
There's nursing for the ailing ones and for the
drooping, song ;
But somehow all these blessings fail to go where
they belong.

What mean these lamentations? Answer, ye who
stand between,
Who all this desolation with unmoistened eyes
have seen,
Who let the farmer go unshod, the cobbler go
unfed
Save when there's opportunity for you to get
ahead!

What mean these lamentations? Answer, ye into
whose mesh
The stricken workers come perforce and yield their
pound of flesh!
Ye have our commerce by the throat and from us
filch a toll
Which is not merely part or much but oftentimes
the whole.

What mean these lamentations? Ah my brothers,
they portend
The liberties our fathers won, soon to be at an end
Unless by honest ballots these bloodsuckers are
o'erthrown
And with united effort the despoiled resume their
own.

PITY THE BLIND!

And do you prize them, then, so much, my brothers,
 These costly baubles that make idling gay
That for their sake you would be willing others
 Should faint and fall of hunger on the way?

Is your brief luxury so precious to you
 That your desire for it to gratify
You would be willing anyone that knew you
 Should drink the bitter lees of life and die?

Or is the sense of mastery so precious
 That anyone you know you would enslave
Or view th' unwilling wretch as contumacious
 And hound him till he find a pauper's grave?

That chalice of Falernian, would you drink it
 If you could know a neighbor's bread it cost?
I'll not believe it of you—will not think it
 For if you would, then truly all is lost.

The trouble is : Cause and effect are parted ;
 You see not how these things are intertwined.
It is not that you are so stony-hearted
 But that you are so pitifully blind.

AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY.

I love my neighbor, and grieve to find
My fellow simple or halt or blind.
I wish that every girl and boy
Were born in honor, brought forth with joy.

I wish each hungering soul before
Swung opportunity's open door.
I wish the privilege to each sent
To reach his highest development.

I wish each man were the master of
Himself, but servant to all in love.
I wish that each might his right assert
To pay according to his desert.

I wish to every true man's arms
Some glorious woman would yield her charms.
I wish each father might view with pride
His perfect progeny by his side.

I wish for each a serene old age,
Respected, dignified, worthy, sage.
I wish that each, with his fate content,
To his long home in his full time went.

For these desires I am said to be
An enemy of society.
The charge is singular, brother; can
Society be the foe of man?

HERE AND BEYOND.

Once by the inland water
 I had a little daughter ;
 And, when she went away,
 She left her house of clay

She left her brown eyes, tender,
 Twin wells of mystic splendor ;
 She left them but she took
 The magic of their look.

She left the arms which nightly
 Clung round my shoulders tightly ;
 She took the love whose grasp
 Put meaning in that clasp.

To tempt me to caresses
 She left her lips and tresses ;
 She took to the beyond
 The power to respond.

She took the breath which, vagrant,
 Played o'er my bosom, fragrant,
 As hers arose and fell ;
 She left the empty shell.

I turn from what she left me
 And seek what she bereft me
 In the beyond and, oh,
 I would give worlds to know !

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO RULE.

“Let all be free,” said Jefferson
 “And all of equal rights !
 Who draws his sword with Washington
 For his own freedom fights.
 Not for another tyrant he
 Takes arms against misrule ;
 He strikes for all men’s liberty,
 The people’s right to rule !”

The test of real patriotism
 Is loyalty to this ;
 Whoso denies it, worketh schism
 And the true traitor is.
 Let every child of man be taught
 In every public school :
 For this our brave fore-fathers fought,
 The people’s right to rule.

Not the rich only—educated—
 The English-speaking—no !
 But “all men” equal are created—
 Our sires proclaimed it so.
 Was Jackson cultured? Lincoln rich?
 Was LaFayette a fool?
 Nay, nations flourish ever, which
 The common people rule.

Establish this, whate'er you do :
 The rights of property
 Like other rights, are subject to
 The people's sovereignty.
 There are no rights but rights of man ;
 The thing is but his tool ;
 No right can be more sacred than
 The people's right to rule.

A PLEDGE.

Oh my brothers, unto you
 I my early pledge renew
 Mine is common cause with all ;
 With you I will stand or fall.

What were my success to me
 If your overthrow it be ?
 Rather let my spirit, too,
 Taste that bitterness with you !

While fiends gloating o'er their gains
 Let men faint on western plains
 Or in crowded tenement,
 Who so base as be content ?



THE ROCK.

There is a grandeur in the immortal rocks,
An inborn majesty as of a god.
Their sullen, frowning brows and uncouth limbs
Are deeply furrowed by the dripping flow
Of waters as of tears, tears wrenched by force
From one who humbles pride to grudge them forth.
And over their uneven heads the moss
Spreads ever-verdant like a mat of hair.
Each season from their earth-filled crevices
The haughty pine and ghostly, white-stalked birch
And graceful hazel burst their various green.

Thus have the rocks a language; the faint stir
Of birds and insects, sough of trees which bed
Their roots into the fissures and which murmur
Unto the winds that woo them, gratefully.
They have their records, too ; heiroglyphs
Of rents and seams and gulleys—magic runes
Which wise men may decipher and which tell
How oft this seeming-changelessness has changed.
And there are other records, futile signs
Of youths and maidens who upon the stone
Print names or rough initials dented in,
Intent to co-ternalize their fames
With the existence of the lasting rock.
Another speech they have—an undertone
Not vocal to the ear but to the soul

Which is the theme of nature's symphony
 And easily attunes my spirit to its pitch
 With subtlest harmony.

There is a rock
 Not far from where my infant eyes unclosed
 Which towers far above his fellows ; they
 Require a fundament of hills to raise
 Them to his eminence. He stands alone
 Within a vale, girt by a grove whose trunks
 Span not one-half his height. This rock I love.
 I mind me how when but a prattling boy,
 My heart beat fast to see his bulky form
 Loom heavenward ; and when the sun went down,
 I've gazed across the valley from the east
 And seen him limned against the sunset sky
 And felt a glow of kinship in my breast.
 He was my fairyland ; his caves and clefts
 I peopled with the sprites of which I read ;

A rich procession kept me company
 When in the silence I with him communed.
 I mind me, too, how oft ambition bade
 Me climb unaided up his beetling sides
 And stand, red in the glory of the sun,
 Upon his edge and fearlessly look down,
 Sheer down unto his base—and then look up
 To envy the wide-soaring hawk his flight
 That he was aught above me. And I hid
 Within his roofed recesses where the ice

Outlasted summer, from the driving rain.
 But when the thunder shook the solid rock,
 I climbed again the summit and my soul
 Was overjoyed to challenge the mad clouds—
 Burst forth as irrepressibly as they,
 As full of might and rage and majesty.

There went I, too, ere spring had thawed the snow
 And even in mid-winter and I built
 Of lifeless leaves and branches there a fire—
 There at his base to warm my frosty fingers.
 It was religious service and the smoke
 Was incense at his altar. Sacred, too,
 The secret of my boyhood's tender love
 Which I confided to his ear alone.
 I brought my maiden to him and it seemed
 That when her little boots tripped over him
 He veiled with smiles the scowling of his brows,
 As if his old and hardened heart grew soft
 At sight of her in sympathy with mine.

In after years, I found all changed but him.
 The wood had given way before the axe :
 And golden maize with slender, tasseled stalks
 Usurped its place ; and whence the song of birds
 Recluse in native groves was wont to issue,
 Now hateful to my ears I heard the din
 Of twanging instrument. All else was changed
 But he remained unaltered ; and I lay
 Upon his breast and lived my youth again.

IN THE OUTER OFFICE.

I sit here in the ante-room and wait
 More patiently than I am wont to do ;
 But in all candor I am forced to state,
 'Tis not in honor, sir, of you.
 But I can see you yonder in your chair ;
 Your face stands out in bold relief ;
 And at my leisure I can study there
 The profile of—a thief.

'Tis interesting ; 'tis amusing, too ;
 And doubtless 'twill instructive prove as well.
 Gross greed through your veneer of pride peers
 through ;
 'Twill all your inmost secrets tell
 Your face proclaims it : to the soft approach
 Of men's entreaties you are deaf ;
 But oh, how lights your face up when they broach
 New chances—for a thief.

What profits it that you endow a school
 With something from the millions which you
 stole ?
 Think you the Deity is such a fool
 As let you purchase back your soul ?
 • No ; it is gone though it be scarcely missed
 And you are soothed by the belief
 That the mild euphemism, monopolist,
 Means other than—a thief.

The sycophants who cleverly contrive
 To keep you of men's hatred unaware
 And by so doing find a way to thrive,
 Have given you that important air.
 Poor dolt, emboldened thus to strut and **brag**
 By fawning curs who had as lief
 In safe tranquillity enjoy the **swag**
 Of any other—thief

When in your carriage on the avenue
 Erect and proud, in splendor and in state,
 You fondly dream the people envy you ;
 Poor fool, they envy not—they hate.
 They grind their teeth in rage ; if they had power,
 Your triumph would be brief ;
 They long with burning hearts to see the hour
 To brand you for—a thief.

Do you instruct your daughter that the touch
 Of toilers' grimy hands is infamy ?
 Have you admonished her that never such
 Are found in good society ?
 'Tis true she sacrifices wealth and station
 To wed a ditcher ; but the chief
 Disgrace arises from the close relation
 She bears unto—a thief.

She may be pardoned that in time ; not so
 The foolish daughter of an honest man
 Who with your pimpled son consents to go ;
 Erase her infamy none can.
 The hand of God alone the wretch can save ;
 Her parents, bowed with shame and grief,
 Would rather see her dead and in her grave
 Than mistress of—a thief.

Your children? For their sake you delved and hid.
 Well worthy shall they prove of all your care !
 Hard-visaged, harder-hearted, ere the lid
 Shuts on your coffin, they will tear
 Each others' eyes out over what you leave ;
 And ravenous beyond belief
 Above your costly burial shroud will grieve,
 Fit offspring of—a thief.

Yet in it all some consolation's left,
 No cloud so dense but some light filters through ;
 Your daughter when arraigned for petty theft
 Can faint and sob as many do ;
 The jury softened by a special plea
 Will grant the trembling wretch relief :
 " 'Tis kleptomania by heredity ;
 Her father was—a thief."

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WOODSTOCK.

They gave you prison walls and chains ;
 Yet left you wholly free.

The soul where love of others reigns,
 Can not imprisoned be.

The rough walls by your presence were
 Transformed and dignified,
As spots of earth are sacred where
 Men for their fellows died.

They in their purposes were foiled
 Who would your name disgrace ;
Instead, the fact that there you moiled
 Makes memorable the place.
You issue from it, unsubdued,
 Ready to face the foe,
Proclaiming boldly that you should
 Take up where you let go.

The blows they shower on the brave
 But speed the coming dawn ;
With John Brown's body in the grave,
 His soul went marching on.
Then, forward, undismayed by fate,
 Unconquered though o'erthrown,
Till of the wealth that all create
 Each shall receive his own !

CUBA LIBRE.

A voice cries unto thee,
 Thou mother of free nations, saying : " Hail,
 Great mother ! Shall the cause of freedom fail ?
 Shall Cuba not be free ? "

What answer ought there be
 To such a voice against oppression crying,
 When men are for their country's freedom dying ?
 Shall Cuba not be free ?

From his captivity
 The dauntless Garcia, Cuba's Washington,
 With spirit undismayed has come
 To make his country free.

Oh, heavier will be
 That country's bondage, 'neath the awful cost
 Of its enslavement if its cause be lost.
 Then, shall it not be free ?

Ships speed across the sea
 With foreign troops for an American shore ;
 To prove this is oppression, what needs more ?
 Shall Cuba not be free ?

How we gained liberty,
 My countrymen, oh, will you not recall ?
 Your liberties are not secure till all
 The lands of earth are free.

EVOLUTION.

It is a hopeful doctrine which modern science
preaches

That there is evolution from low to higher forms,
That man has not descended as the old fable
teaches

From primitive perfection; but that he ever reaches
By natural selection and numberless reforms

To hasten his ascent
In race development.

Oh, what a vista opens to the ecstatic vision
When we have comprehended these possibilities!

We see the race advancing in orderly precision;
We see mankind the gainer by every right
decision

By every generous action, by all true sympathies.
Thus ever up and on
We sweep into the dawn!

The race is lifted up as the individual rises;

The interests of all men combine in harmony.

The crown of self perfection the individual's prize
is;

And he who wins that trophy, is he who ne'er
denies his

Allegiance to all and responsibility.

The race goes up or down
With the hero or the clown.

But the great current ever is toward the good and better;
 The power of growth is greater than forces of decay.
 And pain is nature's warning that we must not forget her,
 Must master all her lessons unto the very letter
 And not through sloth and ignorance loiter by the way.
 Man is submerged in night
 That he may seek the light.

Live, then, the best that's in you! Bring each to its perfection,
 The physical, the mental, the psychical, the self!
 'Tis thus the world advances; by process of selection
 The things which you accomplish are saved for man's direction.
 Then, live for lofty purpose and do not live for self!
 By doing so, we can
 Evolve the perfect man.

MARTHA EVARTS HOLDEN.

(Amber.)

The ever-open heart was thine
 To which all suffering spoke ;
 When to its limit it had borne,
 Small wonder that it broke!



A soul so volatile was thine,
 In body frail and faint,
 Small wonder that before its time
 It burst from all restraint!

They welcome in that other life
 Which is of this the goal,
 With joy the ever-open heart
 And the responsive soul.

DIRGE FOR THE MARTYRS.

Oh, they are dead whom we have cherished !
 They died the sons of toil to free.
 For freedom's sake they all have perished,
 Gave up their lives for liberty

Chorus.

For us they did not fear to die!
 Lift, then, our banner up on high!
 Let every freeman make reply:
 Freedom is our battle-cry!

They laid their lives on Freedom's altar!
 For liberty they all are dead.
 Oh, we may fall but never falter ;
 Then, forward where our heroes led !

Chorus.

THE OLD HOME.

The old house stands deserted,
With chambers dim and still;
Where once was life and laughter,
'Tis desolate and chill.
The pitying stars regard it
With tender, mournful eyes
While 'neath the blasts of winter
It shivers, rocks and sighs.

It mourns a little maiden
Who sat upon my knee
And shyly whispered to me
How dearly she loved me.
To her in yonder chamber
There came a morning when
She faltered "Papa—papa!"
And—never spoke again.

It mourns the faithful virgin
Who to prepare a place
For little feet to follow
Trod first the unknown ways.
The old house well remembers
How when the oak-leaves turned
She down the steps ran lightly—
And nevermore returned.

And did she, then, return not?
And are they, then, no more?
This cruel, cruel question—
I ask it o'er and o'er.
Oftimes I feel them with me;
But, when I lose them, then
I find myself transported
To that old home again.

There in the spectral silence
'Tis easy to believe
That I their forms ethereal
With quickened eyes perceive.
Alone there in the darkness,
Illusions from me roll
Till flesh is not so real
As is the living soul.

They bring from dreamland with them
A wondrous peace and calm
Which sooths my troubled spirit
Like frankincense and balm;
They bring this blest assurance:
The loved ones gone before
Are living still and loving
And with me evermore.

CO-OPERATION.

Alone, man is a savage;
To murder, maim and ravage
And prey upon his fellow-man is his delight.
He is not civilized
Till he has recognized
That men are only strong when men with men
unite.

Yet do we dullards smite
With rage each luckless wight
Who, striving to get on, may happen in our way.
We smite with ruthless hand
Until perchance we stand
Above the vulgar herd, far bigger brutes than they.

There is a way to rise,
A passage to the skies,
Not on our fellows' backs but with them side by
side.
Heed not that musty fable
About the tower of Babel;
Co-operate and God will not our ranks divide !

He wills each man to be
 The very highest, he
 By putting forth his utmost powers can attain.
 When each does this, we place
 By doing so the race
 Which now in darkness gropes, upon a higher
 plane.
 He is not truly great
 Who does not elevate
 As he toils on and upward, all his fellow-men.
 Rise, then, by raising others ;
 Co-operate, my brothers ;
 You speed your own and all men's evolution then.

HELPLESS.

How terrible it is to be so weak
 When white lips call in their extremity
 And wan cheeks brighten, sad eyes look
 And lean hands lift in dumb expectancy !
 To be restrained by unseen social ties—
 Be wholly helpless, with no choice but see !
 As when a mother sees her suckling babe,
 Warm with her life-flood, dashed before her eyes
 Into a shapeless mass of bleeding clay;
 Or father, powerless upon his bed,
 Beholds his maiden daughter caught in arms
 Of brute barbarians in rude ravishment ;
 So stand we helpless in our social bonds !



LOVEST THOU ME ?

Thy proselytes, O Nazarene, adore thee
And call thee "Lord;"
They mind when they shall come before thee
For their reward.

Remove that bribe, let be that thou art human,
Of mortal clay,
And from thee every son of woman
Will fall away.

They will denounce thee madman and impostor
As suits their ends,
And never one would join the roster
Of thy true friends.

Thy friends are they whom neither threat nor
promise
Brings to thy side,
Who stand, like unbelieving Thomas,
Unsatisfied.

Such souls and thou wilt not be disappointed
In one another;
They love thee not as the anointed,
But as a brother.

They love thee not for any expectation
 Of heavenly gain,
 But for thy deep commiseration
 For her of Nain.

They love thee, not for anything thou art
 Above the rest,
 But that thy work was wholly for the part
 Of the oppressed.

Yet some believe, with sycophantic spirits
 Heaven will be crammed;
 While he who loves too well to fear it's
 Sure to be damned.

TILLMAN.

He stood among time-servers in the Senate,
 An honest man, who had his word to say.
 The musty rules and hampering traditions
 He with impatient gesture swept away.

He stood, a Gracchus, tribune of the people,
 A giant among pygmies, massive, great;
 His greatness lay in his sincere ambition
 To be of real service to the state.

He joined the names of Jefferson and Lincoln,
 The very stones pricked up their ears to hear ;
 When Carolina hails th' emancipator,
 Behold a new and better day is here !

Thine is a noble vengeance, Carolina ;
 A vengeance which the ancient breach unites.
 As we helped thee to liberate the black men,
 Thou wouldest help us to liberate the whites.

A DANGEROUS ELEMENT.

I have no precious property
 So valuable that I
 To rescue it would willingly
 Cause any wretch to die.

I know not that to save my life
 I would another kill
 Though to protect a child or wife
 Or fellow man I will.

There may be other things for which
 I might my fellow slay
 As to preserve the frightened rich
 When rioters have sway.

And though to safeguard aught of mine
 I would not kill at all,
 E'en murder I should not decline
 Upon my country's call.

I wish no man a harder fate
 Than three square meals a day
 And from no fairly-earned estate
 Would I take aught away.

I merely have a notion that
 What comes of fortune is,
 Whatever spot he found it at,
 Not fairly-earned nor his.

I only think that riches won
 By cunning, fraud and force,
 When all is said and all is done,
 Is stolen goods of course.

And so, though harmless as a lamb
 If not as innocent,
 On this account ye say I am
 A dangerous element.

COME OUT IN THE OPEN.

Come out in the open! Stand forth in the light!
Look facts in the face!
To hug one's illusions, take refuge in flight,
Crouch low in the shadow and cover the sight
Are little men's ways.

Come out in the open! Stand forth in the light!
And fear not to look!
What seemed so mysterious during the night
Will shed all its terrors when plain to the sight,
Like print in a book.

Come out in the open! Stand forth in the light!
Dispute not with facts!
Exchange faith for knowledge and fancy for sight!
Make this thy religion: "What seems to me right
Shall order my acts."

Come out in the open! Stand forth in the light!
View all, undismayed!
Dread palsies the soul; superstition is blight;
But knowledge guides mortals to live life aright,
And die unafraid.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind."—**BIBLE**.

Who art thou that demandest from me love
So wonderful, all other loves above?
I cannot love at will; one must possess
To conquer my affections, loveliness.
If thou wouldest have me love with all my heart,
 Pray tell me what thou art!

There are poor wives so fearful of their joy
That, lest the truth their peace of mind destroy,
They choose to be deceived; and in the fear
Of thy dire anger some do call thee dear,
Thine all-consuming fury to appease.

I am not like to these.

I wish to love all beneficial things;
My heart with ardent exultation sings
When it encounters them who others serve.
But I must know that they my love deserve;
And thou my holiest love demandest; so
 I have the right to know.

One god they tell of who inspired a book.
 He made us all and straightway us forsook
 Because he had not made us perfect. Thus
 The bully wreaks his vengeance on poor us
 For his poor workmanship. His enmity
 I deem a dignity.

That god put lies into a prophet's mouth
 And boasted of it; he sent floods and drouth
 And pestilence; at his express command
 The blood of peaceful dwellers in the land
 Ran red in Canaan's water-courses. Sir,
 Wert thou that murderer?

So vain that god is that lese majestie
 'Gainst the mad emperor of Germany
 Is nought compared with failure to adore him;
 While they who wrong mere mortals come before
 him
 And whimper and go free. If such thou art,
 Thou canst not have my heart.

No being, howsoever great or strong,
 Has power to forgive another's wrong;
 That office is the injured's. I will hate
 If thou my gracious office arrogate
 Of pardoning my foe; if such thou be
 I will have none of thee.

If thou art libelled by this history,
 And art not such a monster, but art he
 Whom all men ignorantly worship as
 "The Unknown God," of whom each person **has**
 His own conception, from his narrow real
 Constructing the ideal;

If thou art he who orders all things so
 That their true happiness is in to grow,
 While pain is but a warning to the wise,
 Betimes, and that one's duty is to rise;
 Then, Father, I have ever loved thee, and
 Thou needst not to command.

UN-AMERICAN.

It is not un-American to be
 A champion of all men's liberty,
 To hold that "all men are created free."

It is not un-American to claim
 For every denizen of earth the same
 Equality in fact as well as name.

It is not un-American to teach
 That each should be a brother unto each,
 However strange in fatherland and speech,

These things are Socialism ; its founder, too,
 St. Simon, 'neath the red and white and blue,
 Tri-color of Commune, fought here for you.

And, therefore, nevermore put under ban
 As something foreign, un-American,
 These plain, unalienable rights of man.

MAGDALEN.

I am the sacrificial lamb ;
 Not pure and spotless but defiled
 With man's iniquities I am,
 Yet innocent as any child.
 I had no will to injure ; my
 Misfortunes followed for that I
 To man was all too gracious and
 His fervent prayer could not withstand.

Oh, do not hate me, do not scorn
 For I have suffered and been kind
 And still no creature so forlorn
 In all earth's by-ways will you find.
 How have I such a fate deserved ?
 Self-immolating, I have served
 In the most menial ministry ;
 And shall it bring but scorn to me ?



THE CRUELTY OF GOD.

Prate not of loving tenderness
In Him who rules mankind;
The ruler of this universe
Is anything but kind.
His spirit in His creatures moves,
They but obey His rod ;
The struggle for survival proves
The cruelty of God.

His creatures, of necessity,
On one another prey;
Nor do the weak's imploring cries
The stronger shame away.
God's world is full of awful deeds,
Of violence and blood;
And he who crushed and beaten bleeds
Is oftentimes the good.

God lets free carnage rage within
All realms of living things;
Life feeds on life relentlessly,
All deaths are offerings.
The tale of nature's processes
One endless offering is;
Man grossly feeds on carcasses
And microbes feed on his.

It may be that God's cruelty
 Evolves to higher grades;
 Man's cruelty drags ever down,
 Victim and brute degrades.
 Ye who your brother's rights refuse,
 Because ye will and can,
 God's cruelty doth not excuse
 The cruelty of man.

The perils all are subject to
 Should make all men allies;
 To shield the weakest of us, we
 With one accord should rise.
 The heartless grind of nature's laws
 Should bring mankind to know:
 A common wrong makes common cause
 Against a common foe.

Then close the ranks! Together stand!
 Each other's burdens bear!
 Let luck and thieving be no more,
 But each receive his share!
 Is God unfair? Let us be just
 To all men on the sod!
 Is God inhuman? Then we must
 Be more humane than God!

THE FALLEN HERO.

*Rev. David Swing's last sermon was a paean of gratitude for "deliverance" from the Pullman strike,—that is, for delivery of the toilers into Pullman's hands.

We mourn thee, David Swing!
 Not for that thou hast died. All flesh must perish.
 Not for so slight a thing
 Are we afflicted who thy memory cherish
 For what thou wert and didst to free mankind
 Ere age and failure came
 And with mad fears and weakness of the mind
 Brought thy gray hairs to shame.

We mourn thee, David Swing!
 We have occasion: immortality
 'Twas thy delight to sing.
 We find the weightiest argument to be
 Against thy doctrine: Men like thee grow old,
 Conservative and weak
 In spirit as in flesh, draw back and scold,
 No longer bravely speak.

We mourn thee, David Swing!
 We who are young and urge the world ahead
 Even as thou didst fling
 With stern defiance thy devoted head
 Against embattled bigotry. We stand
 Where thou thyself hadst stood,
 Wert thou now young again, intrepid, grand
 And full of generous blood.

Hence mourn we, David Swing!
 Beecher we mourned before and Tennyson.
 Alas, that age should bring,
 Beside a notice that one's task is done,
 Decrepitude which makes the man to shrink
 Into a puling child,
 The radical to a defender sink
 Of wealth, by wealth defiled!

We mourn thee, David Swing!
 We who, when thou art dead, begin to live,
 We who begin to sing
 When thou art silenced, we, the young forgive!
 In thy youth's prime thou shouldst have gone away;
 Death's summons came too late.
 We recognize the power of age and pray:
 Preserve us from like fate!

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

Philosophers of the ancients found
 A healthy mind in a body sound
 Prerequisite to a blessed life.
 In our competitive, sordid strife
 Are such men fashioned? Can it be said
 That by our methods such men are bred?

Where is there one who is clean-limbed, white,
Erect in body and mind and soul,

With honest purpose and generous heart,

Developed fully in every part,

With every sense in its normal state

And crystal eye, undismayed by fate?

That is the standard. Society

Has no occasion or destiny

If not to perfect the race of men.

What claim to permanence has that, then,

Which cripples, dwarfs and distorts mankind

Till all are simple and halt and blind?

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

“Lo, we are of one blood!”

—Kipling’s Jungle Tales.

The man who seeks his highest to evolve

By patient, unremitting labor.

By serious thought and loftiest resolve,

In him I recognize my neighbor.

Across wide seas, if need be, we clasp hands

In real brotherhood;

And though thus separated in far lands,

Lo, we are of one blood.

Be his skin ebony as mine is white,
 Or be it copper, yellow, red,
 If but his soul yearn upward to the light,
 What are such trifles? We are led
 By inborn instincts from a common parent
 To seek the common good.
 Such things come not of chance ; it is apparent
 That we are of one blood.

Then czars and emperors and kings, hands off ;
 All men, our brothers, must be free ;
 The Hanover, the Hapsburgh, Romanoff
 Yield to the human family !
 Ye foes of liberty, in time beware !
 It must be understood
 That all men—at their option—everywhere
 Are of the self-same blood.

Yea, at their option ! Who appropriates
 By force, by fraud, by merest chance
 The wealth another's industry creates,
 Forfeits his own inheritance.
 Men make their choices ; who their duties shirk
 And for self-comfort would
 Degrade their fellow men to thraldom, work
 Corruption of their blood.

Who loves his fellow-man, acts never thus
 And by their deeds we know our brothers.
 He who asserts relationship to us,
 Proves it by granting it to others.
 Exclusiveness, the "I am holier
 Than thou!" has ever stood
 As the sure mark of their true character
 Who are of alien blood.

Mark the distinction ! It is radical
 And it is vital. They who ask
 No more of any than they grant to all
 Are brothers ; they who fain would task
 The weaker with the burdens of the strong
 And have till now withstood
 The right of all men with their private wrong,
 Are not of the same blood.

Nor of a nobler ; they would have it so
 But true men cannot recognize it.
 The wretch who groans beneath the fierce knout's
 blow
 Is nobler than the wretch who plies it.
 By helping others we ourselves rise higher,
 And life is more than food,
 Than shelter — raiment — it is the desire
 That all be of one blood.

Strike hands across the oceans, then, my brothers ;
 Stop not at nations' boundaries !
 The foolish enmity of nations smothers
 The spirit which all nations frees.
 Let not tongues, customs, mouldy prejudices
 Prevent the common good.
 The true solution of your troubles this is,
 Let all be of one blood.

LOVE THINE ENEMIES.

'Tis easy to feel kindly toward my foes;
 They're such through my shortcomings, or are
 those
 Who know me little or who know me wrong.
 In either case it grieves me and I long
 To have it otherwise; their enmity
 Engenders none in me.

If there be others whom self-interest
 Impels to vilify me as the best
 Excuse for their offenses, why should I
 At their revilings in a passion fly ?
 Nay, they amuse me, for such enmity
 Is subtlest flattery.



But there are others, whom to love would be
 Impossible and contradictory.
 They constitute a festering disease
 Which fouls the social body. These
 As He who did the Pharisees berate,
 I claim the right to hate.

That wretch is one who, when a maid confers
 On him her high and secret favors, stirs
 The tongue of scandal 'gainst her in return;
 And they are others who their offspring spurn
 When gotten out of wedlock and because
 Not theirs before the laws;

The rich who can contemplate, unconcerned,
 The sore distress of thousands who have earned
 The wealth they dominate; the politician
 Who sells the people's welfare for position;
 The priest who would the opening truth o'erthrew
 With what he does not know;

In short the monsters of whatever kind
 Who stay the evolution of mankind—;
 He doeth naught but righteousness who bans —
 Not them who are his enemies—but man's.
 These cancerous outgrowths of our social state
 'Tis privileged to hate.

A TRIBUTE.

I do remember how with joy,
When I was but a babbling boy
I lingered breathlessly to hear
Her song, spontaneous and clear,
Melliflously swell and rise,
Like the lark's paean in the skies.

And I recall the subtle spell,
That on my dizzy senses fell
When her calm eyes regarded me.
So radiantly fair was she,
That all about her to my sight
Was brilliant with the borrowed light.

Nor in all time will I forget
When our lips rapturously met
And her eyes beaming into mine
Intoxicated me like wine,
Till we grew faint beneath the stress
Of unimagined happiness.

How beautiful she was when she
Sat with her children at her knee;
The potency of her pure charms
Waxed when our daughter in her arms
Smiled up unto her from the breast !
Oh, she was then her loveliest !

And when that tender tie was gone,
 Our hearts were but the closer drawn;
 I viewed with double sacredness
 Her consecrated loveliness.
 Henceforth a precious memory
 Bound each to other, her and me.

And when upon another day
 Balancing on death's verge she lay;
 So for her my wild longing yearned,
 That at my cry the life returned
 And from her glazing orbs of sight,
 Shone once again the old love-light.

There is no ebbing of the tide;
 Each revelation of my bride
 Extends the fascinating power,
 She wields upon me; and the hour,
 When I most loved her, I avow,
 Is now—and now—and ever now.

NOBLEMEN.

I fear the poor.
 When I look in their faces, pinched and wan,
 I shrink; my self-sufficiency is gone.
 The consciousness sweeps through me, then:
 These are the noble men.

I fear the poor.
 When I dole out to them as charity,
 Some part of what belongs not unto me,
 I marvel—cannot understand:
 Why do they not demand?

I fear the poor.
 I knew three brothers; two that one might rise,
 Were willing drudges; them dared he despise.
 They bore it and forebore to show:
 The highest are below.

ONE'S OWN.

In primitive ages while over the waste,
 Barbarians wandered alone;
 They invented a theory, just to their taste:
 "One may do as he likes with his own."

And what could there be, more peculiarly his,
 Than lives from his own life grown?
 "To save or expose them my privilege is;
 One may do as he likes with his own."

The mother? Another possession was she,
 One flesh with him, bone of his bone ;
A bowstring or sack her sentence might be ;
 One may do as he likes with his own.

The thoughts of men widened; around wife and son,
 The State its protection had thrown ;
But the slave though one's child or its mother, had
 none ;
 One may do as he likes with his own.

The bondsmen were freed; but from ancestral land,
 Scotch crofters were heartlessly thrown ;
The land was the noblemen's heritage and—
 One may do as he likes with his own.

Now workmen are spurned from the factory door,
 Their daring to strike to atone !
What matters their sufferings? We hear it once
 more :
 "One may do as he likes with his own."

Oh, when will man learn it? The fact that one can,
 Never made a wrong right ; be it known :
The limit to property rights is that man
 May not do a wrong with his own.

THE NEW WOMAN.

She stands beside her mate, companion-wise,
Erect, self-poised, with clear, straight-forward eyes;
For what she knows he is, she holds him dear,
And not for what she fancies him—with fear.

Brave spirit! Disillusionized, she lifts,
What blinder women bear as Heaven's ill gifts;
She asks but, ere she reproduce a man,
He truly be one, so a woman can.

She gives, not for the asking nor as one
Who does unpleasant things that must be done;
Nay, he who half-unwilling love receives,
Knows not the full-orbed joy she freely gives.

Emancipated, on firm feet she stands
And all that man exacts of her, demands ;
The new morality, the art of life
And not obedience, holds her as wife.

Hail, the new woman ! By her choices she
Determines wisely what mankind shall be.
She will not with eyes open be beguiled
To choose a tainted father for her child.

ARNLIOT'S LONGING FOR THE OCEAN.

From the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson.

I long for the ocean, the open ocean
Where afar he rolls in majestic quiet!
'Neath weight of mountainous banks of vapor
To meet himself he is wand'ring ever.
Though earth entreats him and heavens lower,
He resteth never and nought recedeth.
On summer nights, in the winter tempest
He tosses, voicing the self-same longing.

I long for the ocean, the open ocean,
Where afar he raises his icy forehead!
The universe casts its shadow on him
And mirrors, whispering down his wailing;
The sunshine fondles him warm and tender
And tells with courage the joys of living.
But cold, serene in his melancholy,
He sinks both sorrow and consolation.

The full moon draws and the tempest raises;
Their grasp is feeble, back flow the waters.
The lowlands are whelmed and the mountains
moulder,

His billows calmly wash on forever.
What draws he thither his ways must follow;
Who once goes down, he returneth never.
No message cometh, no scream escapeth,
His own deep language can none interpret.

I long for the ocean—to be on the ocean,
Who is no moment appeased by any.
The soul in anguish he will deliver;
But deeply buries his own enigma—
Fulfils with death that marvellous compact,
That all he yields him—himself yields never.

I am borne, oh sea, on thy melancholy;—
My simple plans—lo, they fall to nothing!—
I reach toward thee these modest longings:
Let me fresh my breast in thine icy spirit!
Let death come after and lie in waiting;
We'll dispute the die if but for a moment!
I filch whole hours from thy robber-nature
And split the waves 'neath thy brow of anger;
Thou shalt but belly my flapping fore-sail
With all thy furious, deadly tempests;
Thy raging waves but more quickly carry
My little bark into quiet waters!

Alone in darkness beside the rudder,
 By all deserted, by death forgotten,
 When foreign sails in the distance flutter
 And ships glide by in the murky silence,
 To hear the laboring current's groundswell—
 The sea-heart's sigh in his respiration—
 The small waves lapping against the timbers—
 His peaceful pastime in melancholy.
 Then all my longings wash slowly over
 To blend with nature's unfathomed anguish;
 The night's and water's united coolness
 Arrays my spirit to meet death's kingdom.

Then comes the day; and my courage rises
 In mighty bounds to the light and ether;
 The vessel, snuffing the breeze, lies over
 With rapture down in the icy billows;
 The lad with song clambers up the rigging
 To stretch the sail so the wind can fill it.
 And thoughts are chasing like birds a weary
 Round mast and yard-arm but find no foothold.
 Yes, on the ocean—there, too, went Vikar!
 Like him to sail and like him to perish
 In the good ship's prow by the kingly Olaf!
 With keel the chill apprehension cleaving
 But catching hope from the faintest zephyr!
 With death's lean fingers close on the rudder
 But limpid heavens before and over!

And so, at last, in the final moment,
 To feel the yielding of nail and rivet
 And death press hard on the creaking timbers
 So the delivering flood may enter!
 Then down to lie in my wave-washed tatters—
 Borne fathoms down to eternal silence
 While on magnificent moonlight evenings
 My name's rolled shoreward on crested billows.

THE SECOND COMING.

“Christ is coming again;
 Herald the news afar!
 Peace, goodwill unto men !
 Cease from your strife and war!”

The shout went up from every tongue;
 The pæan was on all sides sung.
 The poor poured forth with cries of joy.
 The rich man's glee had some alloy
 As he reflected: “I must choose
 My money or my soul to lose!”

Men were not changed as yet or turned;
 The old fires in all bosoms burned.
 The miser worshiped yet his gold,
 The drunkard in the gutter rolled,
 The adulterer in dalliance lay,
 The gambler lingered at his play.

And yet so callous each had grown
To every failing of his own
That naught he doubted but some way
Would be found out to hide away
His character and he would pass
As not the poorest of his class.

Hence was it that on every street
Did throngs of men and women meet
And in a swelling chant repeat:
"Christ is coming again;
Herald the news afar!
Peace, goodwill unto men!
Cease from your strife and war!"

But though each one, self-satisfied,
His hallelujahs boldly cried,
His heart not all regenerate
Complacently beheld the fate
Which doomed his neighbor to the fell,
Unfathomable pool of hell.

By heaven, it was a curious sight,
Each stood out boldly to the light;
His leprosy glared in the sun
Plain to the eyes of every one;
Yet each supposed his sores concealed
Though all men's vileness stood revealed.

Each fancied that no other saw
 How far he wandered from the law.
 Secure of what would him befall,
 Each half condemned, half-pitied all.
 Each feared —what he had blushed to own—
 Each feared lest he be saved alone.

Each thought all others insincere;
 Himself cried out without a fear;
 Thus pealed the glorious chorus clear:
 “Christ is coming again;
 Herald the news afar!
 Peace, goodwill unto men!
 Cease from your strife and war!”

As prudent housewives for a guest
 Of high degree bring forth their best
 And set the house in order, thus
 Some set about with fume and fuss
 To purge the city of a tramp,
 The chief of others of his stamp.

Round him the evil element.
 Rag, tag, and bobtail, pitched its tent.
 You've surely heard of him; he reels
 Along, the rabble at his heels,
 While all good people stand aghast
 And shiver till the mob has past.

Disturber, demagogue, to dare
 To rouse the masses and compare
 The wretch with men of wealth and birth!
 Bah! Wipe the bastard from the earth!
 No frowsy-headed Anarchist
 Must foul the presence of the Christ.

Some sped thus to the way prepare,
 While others sought Christ everywhere;
 But all with pæans rent the air:
 "Christ is coming again;
 Herald the news afar!
 Peace, goodwill unto men!
 Cease from your strife and war!"

All holy places did they search;
 They ransacked temple, chapel, church,
 Cathedral, sacred altars, halls,
 The "meeting-house" with whitewashed walls,
 Salvation "barracks", far and wide;
 Yet from them did the Saviour hide

Then suddenly a motley throng
 Of laborers took up the song,
 Hod-carriers, ditchers, men of toil,
 And farmers smelling of the soil;
 Among them not a few appeared
 Whom all good Christians scorned and—feared.

Before them shone a glowing star
 Which beckoned onward from afar.
 It led not to the chapel doors;
 They trod not on cathedral floors;
 But down an alley foul it led
 With but the blue sky overhead.

It stopped but not a strain was sung;
 It stopped; above the Christ it swung.
 They found him; he had just been hung.

LIFE'S DIGNITY.

The seed bursts into life and makes demand
 Upon all things to aid it; it compels
 All chemic elements, earth, moisture, air,
 Light, heat and even life itself to be
 Its underlings and servants. So the babe
 With wide, astonished eyes and plainting cry
 Calls on the mighty spirits of the earth,
 The flinty matter and the fluid thought
 And they attend him; with quick wings they haste
 To nourish and support him. Their supply
 Grows with his growth and, as his needs increase,
 His pent horizon widens and he sees
 That God yet stands in Eden and proclaims:
 "Take, eat of every tree hereof!" The springs

Of nature gush beneath his magic rod;
 There is no secret in her alchemy
 She will not yield to his resolvent mind.
 His is the mastery; and, as he learns
 Little by little the complex machine
 By joys, by sorrows, by delights and pains,
 By foods, by poisons, growth and foul decay,
 Each atom answers to his skilled approach
 And works his purposes, or ill or good.

There are two evils, sloth and ignorance,
 And there are only two that lay the charm.
 These nature takes not into her account
 But makes her charts for him who seeks to learn
 And reads him all enigmas; and the dull
 By rude and cruel lessons she instructs
 Until, perforce, he must be wise or die.
 But whoso sits him down with folded hands,
 She stirs the poppy in his idle glass,
 She mixes with his pleasures slow death's-bane,
 She swathes him as a silk-worm in a net
 Of slight but certain meshes, pampers him
 And fats him as a swine unto his death
 Till he becomes so sensual and gross
 That cleanly dust may not endure the shame
 Of his unmanly spirit; so he dies.
 But he who with glad hands and lively mind
 Strives to comand, finds final victory;
 And, as a weaver at the loom, he sits
 And throws the shuttle with no timid cast,
 Weaving the elements into himself.

WHY DON'T THEY TRADE ?

A wise man from another world than this,
 Where wealth production better ordered is,
 Where problems long ago adjusted were
 Which still perplex us on this mundane sphere,
 Where things with us at issue harmonize
 Into self-acting law,
 Looked down on earth with sympathizing eyes;
 And this is what he saw:

Farmers he saw with granaries o'erflowing;
 Unnumbered herds upon their fields were lowing;
 Their sheep were heavy with warmth-giving fleece;
 Their barn-yards swarmed with chickens, turkeys,
 geese.
 And yet to purchase bare necessities
 They did not have the power;
 Starving and shivering about their knees
 Did their lean children cower.

He saw the miners moiling in the earth;
 Of coals and minerals there was no dearth,
 For there was gold so precious in men's eyes
 And iron worth far more than its red lies;
 And there were diamonds and black diamonds
 which
 Are Nature's stored sun-heat.
 Still, though the earth they delved in was so rich,
 They nothing had to eat.

- **He saw artificers forge out for man
Tools for his comfort, tools by which he can
Make other tools more useful to him; and
The power to serve was in his trained right hand.
Books, shelter, raiment, means of culture they
Could by their skill supply;
And yet for want of what men might purvey—
Of food and fire—they die.**

- **The wise man gazed, astonished; for the change
From his well-ordered planet was so strange.
There did to serve bring service in return,
One sort of ministry another earn.
Amazed that men should stand thus, as distraught,
When each man might have made
That for the want of which men died, he thought:
“Why don’t you numskulls trade?”**

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

**It was a grand conception of the Greeks
That gods sat, solitary, on the peaks
Of lofty mountains and their peers addressed
With dignified reserve as seemed them best.
No petty gossiping their lips unsealed
But only that which needs must be revealed
Because important, furnished an occasion
To make upon the silence an invasion.**

They had respect unto each other; each
Sat on his mountain and reserved his speech.
In silent contemplation thus retired,
They found that what is most to be desired
Is that the man be given room to grow,
Be freed from trivial annoyance. Oh,
Why have we not remembered this and bent
Our powers to hasten that development!

The gods sat on their mountains-tops at ease;
They had no need to sue upon their knees
For opportunity to earn their bread.
They for their noble services were fed
With rich ambrosia. Otherwise with men,
Although the generous earth now more than then
Responds unto their toil an hundred fold
With grains and fruits, more precious than red
gold.

A few are lifted up by trampling down
Their fellows; they, like heads which wear the
crown,
Are never easy, are disturbed by fears
That in the course of all-consuming years
Their brutal sway o'er others will decline
And they in turn be trampled. Not benign
And placid like the gods in upper air,
These mighty sit, but chafed with anxious care.

Give man the certainty the gods possessed
 And he will vie with them in all the rest.
 That certainty is this; that one will be
 Justly rewarded for his industry,
 That neither man nor fortune shall despoil
 The toiler of the product of his toil.
 'Tis not impossible that this be done;
 But it must render all men gods—or none.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Are you the stronger? Think you, therefore, we
 Who are the weaker, ought your serfs to be?
 What means it to be strong if not that one
 Gives evidence by something he has done,
 That he can do things better than another?
 Ought you, then, to compel your weaker brother
 Who cannot do so well as you, to bear
 Not only his own burden, but your share?
 Dare you acknowledge that is your idea
 Of what is contemplated in to be a
 Leader of men?

If you are stronger, thence an obligation
 Lies on you to lift those of lower station,
 To supplement the weaks' shortcomings, teach
 The unskilled to attain your cunning, reach
 The struggling and the lost a helping hand
 And aid the faint and feeble ones to stand.
 Your strength implies responsibility
 And men are judged by their ability.
 Are you, then, stronger? Show to each beholder
 By benefactions that you are an older
 Brother of men.

Else you appropriate and nothing give
 And others fare the harder that you live;
 Without you, it was only to subsist
 By their own labors; with you to assist
 To shield the strong from the alternative
 Of laboring or starving. You receive
 Who should be almoner; you idle at your ease;
 For your sole pleasure do you thousands fleece,
 You, who might serve us over all the rest;
 If not a pestilence, you are, at best,
 Useless to men.

But better slothful, idling at your ease,
 Than greedily industrious to seize
 The fruits of others' toil! For ever thus
 The strong man to his weaker brother does
 The greater wrong. Oh, be no "self-made man."
 If what you "make" is merely what you can

By greater strength or shrewdness take from others!
 Is it not better that men should be brothers
 Than that their lives should be perpetual war?
 'Tis yours to prove yourself a foeman or
 Lover of men.

WOMAN'S FIRST DUTY.

"A woman's highest duty,
 'Tis easy to be told,
 Is surely to be mother."
 So runs the proverb old.

Yet there are many mothers
 Whose motherhood is sin;
 So many, many mothers
 That never should have been.

She with so high a lover,
 That to bear such another
 Were something to be proud of,
 Alone should be a mother.

A woman's highest duty
 Is her own self to be;
 Who first becomes somebody,
 The best of mothers she!

WHEN YOU WILL.

Did poor little children nowhere cry for bread,
Did no willing son of labor go unsfed
And the precious food no idler's stomach fill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will.

Had each family a roof-tree of its own,
Were there none unsheltered, friendless and alone,
Wandering and outcast, desperate and ill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will.

Were there none half-naked in the piercing blast
By their warm-apparelled fellows coldly passed;
Were none ragged, none with needless frip and frill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will.

Were there none in garrets shivering with cold
While hard-hearted men wring from their torments
gold;

Were not rich men's hearts and poor men's bodies
chill,

Would you like it? It will be so—when you will.

Were all born of healthy, sturdy stock and strong,
Did all live together wholesomely and long,
Did each man his freely chosen part fulfill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will.

Were there none to lackey, none to domineer;
Were the law of service love and never fear;
Did men serve their fellows with all zest and skill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

'The night is dark about me,
 I hear the midnight bell.
 Before another midnight,
 'Twill toll my funeral knell.
 'Twill toll my funeral knell.
 The hour is speeding nigh
 When to buy the toilers freedom
 I shall pay the price and die.

To-night my babes are crouching
 By their weeping mother's side.
 For his fellows' sake the father
 Leaves his children and his bride.
 Leaves his children and his bride;
 When men for succor cry,
 Then to buy the toilers freedom,
 I shall pay the price and die.

Pent in a dismal dungeon,
 Forbidden to be free,
 A slave in chains and prison,
 Oh what were life to me?
 Oh what were life to me?
 Speak out, my heart! Reply:
 That to buy the toilers freedom
 I will pay the price and die.

What greater love hath mortal
For them whom he holds dear,
Than for their sake to gladly
Meet death without a fear?
Meet death without a fear;
Yea, such a love have I
And to buy the toilers freedom
I will pay the price and die.

The night will soon be over;
For me 'twill be the last;
And the night of w~~o~~ng, my country,
From you will soon have passed.
From you will soon have passed;
I see the star on high;
So to buy the toilers freedom,
I will pay the price and die.

Weep not above my ashes!
This is no time for tears!
Let every man stand ready
When he the bugle hears!
When he the bugle hears,
Let every man reply:
We to buy the toilers freedom
Will pay the price and die!

ON THE HEIGHTS.

From the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen.

I.

With wallet o'er my shoulders cast
 And rifle in my hand,
 With damper shut and door made fast
 By bolt and willow-band;
 Then in the next room to my poor
 Old mother—to her I
 Say but a word to re-assure:
 "I will come back, dear, safe and sure—
 And, until then, good-bye!"

Up over winds the narrow way
 Which leads into the wood;
 Behind me lies the vale and bay
 In moonlight's hazy flood.
 I hurry past my neighbor's wall—
 How silent all things be!
 I hear a rustle, faint and small,
 As when leaves on soft linen fall,
 Beneath the cherry tree.

Dressed in white linen, she stood there
 And said "How do you do?"
 She was as dainty, fresh and fair
 As blossoms wet with dew.
 One eye she smiled with, with its mate
 Coquettled just a minute;
 I smiled back to her, did not wait
 But pressed beside her at the gate—
 But then a tear was in it.

I put my arm about her; she
 Became first red, then pale.
 I pleaded with her mine to be;
 Her bosom rose and fell.
 I swore that now she was my own—
 All mine—no portion severed.
 She gazed—upon her gaiters—down;
 The crisp leaves rustled on her gown—
 It was because she shivered.

She sued so sweet, I let her go;
 The jest went on as ever.
 But my heart hammered, blow on blow;
 My brain was all a-fever.
 I sued so sweet; she spake no word
 But walked on by my side
 While I imagined that I heard
 Mischievous Nökken, as a bird,
 With mocking laugh deride.

So, till we stood before the way
 Which leads into the wood;
 Before us fjord and valley lay
 Beneath the moon's pale flood.
 We sat beneath the beetling height,
 I warm, she chill and hushed;
 We whispered through the sultry night.
 I know not how it was, aright,
 Save that my forehead flushed.

I slipped my arm about her and
 In my embrace she lay;
 Thus did I win my young bride's hand
 While Nökken sang away.
 If bogies laughed when we did plight
 Our troth, 'tis half remembered;
 Nobody's grin could me affright—
 Her red and white engrossed my sight—
 I only felt, she trembled.

II.

Upon the south-most cliff I lay
 And watched the red sun rise;
 The deep was veiled in shadows grey
 But flame lit up the ice.
 My mother's red-hued house I see
 Beneath the shadows hide;
 There has she toiled incessantly.
 There was my spirit fresh and free—
 And God knows what beside.

She's up already; smoke floats over
 Her humble chimney and
 It seems to me that I discover
 Her trudging toward the strand
 For a day's bleaching. Ay, toil on!
 God bless you for it, too!
 I'll get fine furs, while I am gone
 On this wild height, to put upon
 My gentle bride and you.

Ah, where is she? She surely lies
 Abed and dreaming still.
 If aught of our last meeting rise,
 Dream of it if you will!
 But when you waken, think no more
 Upon it—thus do I;
 You are my own forevermore;
 So get your trousseau-making o'er,
 Soon to the priest we'll fly.

'Tis hard thus to be separated
 From one my heart holds dear;
 But, by my longing regenerated,
 I find well-being here.
 Now as if re-inspired I sit;
 My blood has lost its heat.
 One life—not half or whole—but split
 'Twixt sinning and repenting—it
 I trample 'neath my feet.

Wild passions and desires—of those
 No more am I partaker.
 I feel revived and stand so close
 Myself and close my Maker.
 Across the fir-tops and below
 One glance o'er ridge and bay!
 Then up the mountain's waste of snow!
 Farewell, my bride and mother! So
 Unto the heights away!

III.

The western sky is all ablaze;
 It flames across the steep;
 But eventide has spun a haze
 Over the valley deep.
 Mine eyes are heavy and subdued
 And serious my mind.
 Beyond the cliff's edge where I stood
 Lay heather, gleaming red as blood
 And shivering in the wind.

Of heather-top I broke a sprig
 And stuck it in my hat.
 A bush stood back of me—not big,—
 But I slept under that.
 As people walk to church, I found
 My thoughts pass to and fro;
 They flocked together, looked around,
 Set them to rights, formed judgments sound,
 Then quietly did go.

Oh, were I at this moment near,
 Bloom gathered in the glen,
 I should take pains to set you, dear,
 Upon your stem again.
 I should seek baptism in your eye
 And shrive my spirit clean;
 And with fierce exultation I
 Would crush the trold who charmed me by
 Your father's gate yestreen.

Up do I spring, exultant,—raise
 To heaven a winged prayer
 For sunshine all the coming days
 About my bride, so fair!—
 And yet, not that—not that—for still
 My shoulders are too broad;
 A better task I know and will,
 And, therefore, Heaven, this prayer fulfill:
 Make straight and steep her road;

When she would cross, dam up the river;
 And make beneath her step
 The small and slippery foot-log quiver
 While mad waves at her snap.
 For through the fiercest flood, on high
 I'll bear her on my arm.
 Upon my bosom she shall lie;
 And he must face me who would try
 To do my darling harm.

IV.

From the southland far he voyaged—
 Voyaged over oceans wide;
 Silent thoughts like an Aurora
 O'er his lofty forehead glide

 Sadness mingles with his laughter;
 Silent he is eloquent—
 But of what? I could interpret
 Better what the wind's song meant.

His cold eye I stand in awe of—
 No more have its depth discerned,
 Than the depth of the dark ice-tarn
 In the glacier's bosom urned.

Heavy birds of thought are gliding
 Slow and low the surface o'er ;
 But the eddy soon will catch them !
 Then beware ! Pull for the shore !

We encountered in the highlands,
 I with rifle, he with hounds.
 We have made a solemn treaty,
 I would break if I had grounds.

Wherefore tarry I beside him ?
 I have longed to go but still
 I am here ; has he deprived me
 Even of the power to will ?

V.

“Wherefore long you of an evening
 For your mother's room, down there ?
 Slept you sounder 'neath your fur-quilt
 Than upon the uplands bare ?”

At my bedside my old mother
 With her house-cat sat at home,
 Spinning, singing, till in dreamland
 I was tempted forth to roam.

“Dreamland, dreamland ! Wherefore dreamland !
 Day’s activity inspires.
 It is more to drain life’s goblet
 Than to sleep ’mid fallen sires.

O’er the summit soars the eagle ;
 After him through sleet and snow !
 Better that than to be moiling
 In that barren soil below !”

But I hear the church-bell ringing
 On the headland —“ Let it ring !
 Let it peal ! Far sweeter music
 Do the falling waters sing.”

Toward the church my bride and mother
 With their Bible slowly trudge.
 “ Trust me, higher things await you
 Than a church’s serf to drudge.”

In the chancel swells the organ,
 Candles on the altar glow.
 “ Better round the peak the wind chants,
 Brighter light gleams on the snow.”

Well, then come ! O’er the white billows
 Speed we through the wind and snow !
 Let whoever will go churchward ;
 After them I will not go.

VI.

Autumn's here ; hear the departing
 Cows' bells ring 'neath the cliff's wall !
 They will miss the upland's freedom
 And resume life—in a stall.

That sheer wall the snow-drift's curtains
 Fold on fold will soon festoon.
 Soon the drifts will block all pathways ;
 I must hie me homeward soon.

Homeward, homeward ? Is that longer
 Home to which the heart turns not ?
 He has taught me to forget it ;
 To be callous was self-taught.

Day's activities disfigure
 Not, as does the toil below ;
 Here my thoughts are grand and mighty,
 Only on the heights I grow.

In the saeter-room deserted
 All my rich spoil do I lay.
 There's a stool beside the fireplace—
 Room for my high thoughts to play.

In the evening, fire-flies, dancing,
 Warn of danger near at hand.
 He th' enchanted hat has given ;
 Tempted, I can all withstand.

Winter on the dreary mountain
 Steels the heart to do and dare ;
 Sluggish veins and idle dreaming
 Have no proper station there.

If next spring I am decided,
 From the vale my two I'll fetch,
 Lift them from their hum-drum moiling,
 To the mountain standard stretch,

Teach them my new wisdom, make them
 Scorn that valley-home with me ;
 Soon no longer foreign to them
 Life on snow-clad heights will be.

VII.

Here long weeks have I been sitting—
 Cannot longer bear it so.
 All my strength exhausts the struggle;
 To the dear ones I must go.

Just one day ; then I will clamber
 From my loved ones up again—
 Up unto my lofty kingdom
 Which next spring shall three contain.

I must out ! Alas, the snow flies.
 I bethought myself too late.
 Winter gales glide o'er the highlands ;
 Blocked is every pass and gate.

VIII.

The weeks passed by and myself I recovered,
 My homesickness never took hold.
 The river and brook by their ice-shroud were
 covered,
 The round moon over the snow-waste hovered,
 The stars shone bright as of old.

I was too well, melancholy to be,
 My room through the short days to keep.
 Confinement suits neither my thinking nor me ;
 I trudged o'er the height till the toppling debris
 Stopped me on the edge of the steep.

In the yawning chasm, the vale lay, quiet ;
 And then, from the headland, a clang.
 I listened ; my ear and my heart wear touched by it.
 Where heard I that music before ? Let me try it !
 I recognize, now, what they rang.

For Christmas festivities they are pealing,
 Those bells to my memory dear.
 The lights flash up, at my neighbor's, revealing
 That they have arisen and mother's, appealing :
 "I would that my wanderer were here !"

The life at home had its pictures rare,
 Though poor in reality.
 Up here the mountain lies stiff and bare ;
 I had a wife and a mother there
 Who might well be dear to me.

By a short, dry laugh was the silence broken ;
 It was the strange huntsman ; he
 Had been divining my thoughts, unspoken !
 " My friend's affected, judged by this token !
 Ah, yes ; his homestead ! I see."

With steel-set muscles I stood once more,
 Bold, confident like a boy.
 My breast the breezes chilled to the core ;
 'Twill never throb as it has before
 At sight of the Christmas joy.

Then round that cottage and yard and way
 A singular radiance came.
 'Twas first like dawn of a winter's day,
 Then rolled the smoke in great clouds away
 And then came the ruddy flame.

It blazed and, falling, the heavens lighted ;
 With anguish I screamed thereat.
 The huntsman soothed me : " Why so excited !
 That they should burn, are you so affrighted,
 The cottage, Yule-ale and cat ? "

He talked so shrewdly in all my woe,
 I shuddered and turned away ;
 He pointed, then, how the ruddy glow
 Did into the rays of the pale moon flow
 For a joint pyrotechnic display.



He looked at it through his hollow hand
 To get a perspective ; then
A song rang over the snowfields and
My mother's soul, did I understand,
 Had joined the glad angels again.

“**A**ll uncomplaining, you made your way
 Through troubles, have suffered, striven.
And therefore gently we bear you away
 High over the moor to the perfect day,
 To Christmas joy in heaven.”

The moon and huntsman were hid away ;
 There was ice in my veins and fever,—
With my load of sorrow I trudged my way ;
And, yet—the joint pyrotechnic display
 Was undeniably clever.

IX.

It was a midsummer day at high noon,
 A-quivering hot o'er the heather ;
The bells were ringing a wedding-tune .
Along the fairy pathways soon
 They took to horse together.

The march set forth from my neighbor's landing—
 Where birch-bushes grew by the gate.
The yard was crowded with people, standing ;
I lay on the crag and, notwithstanding
 My tears, laughed loud at fate.

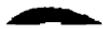
A song of derision there seemed to be
 And taunting laughter with it ;
 A scornful ditty seemed borne to me.
 I clawed the heather—I could not see--
 My tongue in my madness I bit.

A splendid company rode they past.
 The bride erect and stately.
 And often her eyes o'er the fields she cast—
 Oh, radiant eyes—I remember how last
 They sparkled at me, so lately !

She rode with the bridegroom knee to knee
 With measured step and sure.
 My heart was shrived from its sorrow free ;
 At last the struggle was over for me
 For nothing remained to endure.

With soul steel-set on the brink I stand
 High over their summer-life there.
 The procession is dwarfed to a glistening band—
 I gaze at it through the hollow hand
 To get the perspective fair.

The hoods which flutter, the gowns which shine,
 The scarlet coats of the men ;
 The church with renunciation's wine ;
 The bride, the fair one that once was mine ;
 The joy that comes never again !



I stand on life's heights in the upper air
 And take it all in at a glance.
 A light supreme lays the vision bare ;
 But none of all the procession there
 That miracle understands.

Somebody laughed back of me, short and dry.
 It was the strange huntsman ; said he :
 Well, comrade, after what now hear I,
 I see my usefulness here is by ;
 You now have no need for me."

No, now I'm sufficient, myself alone ;
 But thanks for the compliment !
 The fever now from veins is gone ;
 And that my bosom is turning to stone
 Is tolerably evident.

The last, strong potion ! Aye, down with it !
 On the highlands no more I freeze.
 My sail dips under, my life-tree is split—
 But, oh, how lovely her red garments flit
 Between the trunks of birch trees !

They start on a gallop and down by the fell
 Their course to the old church swings.
 My fairest memory, fare thee well !
 With thee the last earthly tie I sell
 For a loftier view of things.

Now am I resolved ; I bend to the rod
 Which points ever upward, and go there !
 I've lived my life out on the lowland sod ;
 Up here on the highlands are freedom and God,
 The others are groping below there.

THE CLAIRVOYANT.

She saw soul-faces from her birth
 Familiarly as those of earth ;
 They were to her as real as
 The countenance of mother was.

Vibrations from the occult spheres
 Strike unobserved on our dull ears,
 On our dim eyes unnoticed fall ;
 Her subtler sense perceives them all.

She knows while we who darkly grope
 Scarce dare to lift ourselves in hope ;
 Aye, surely as man's clay persists
 She knows his deathless soul exists.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

Within a stately mansion,
 An ailing baby lay;
 With parched lips, black and bleeding,
 With features drawn and grey,
 And feeble forces ebbing
 With every breath away.

A ghastly shade of pallor
 Spread over the features wan;
 And with a sudden tremor,
 Which started and was gone,
 The half-closed eyes fell open;
 But nothing looked they on.

Then asked the father, sadly,
 " How comes it, doctor, please,
 That to our home, so guarded,
 Enters this dread disease ?"
 Open he threw the wardrobe:
 " It lurks in such as these."

Up rose the grief-crushed mother
 And cried, " Woe to the one,
 Who with this death infected
 The life-blood of my son;
 The wretch who for a pittance,
 This awful deed has done ! "



It was not hard to find him,
 A bowed and broken man,
 Whose round of toil and worry,
 Since first his life began,
 Had aged him as mere passing
 Of seasons never can.

He answered her reproaches:
 "My children cried for bread."
 He suffered her revilings,
 Meekly with humbled head,
 And merely answered: "Lady,
 My baby, too, is dead!"

SAVAGES.

A brute, with brain half maddened by wrongs of
 humankind,
 Strikes down the proud Canovas by shooting from
 behind;
 Not long before, the tortures of the Inquisition fell
 Upon men unconvicted, in Barcelona's hell.

Away with bombs, assassins' knives and shooting
 in the back !
 Away, too, with hot irons, pincers, thumbscrews
 and the rack !
 Try and condemn the murderer, but, surely as you
 do,
 Fail not to bring to justice the official savage, too.

KICKAPOO RIVER BALLADS.

IN CHARACTER.

SEEIN' MY SWEETHEART HOME.

I like a revival what meets every night ;
 I'm fond of the singin' 'nd prayin' ;
 'Nd better'n a circus to me is the sight
 Of old father Mocket a-swayin'
 'Nd prayin'.

When a sister exhorts me a mourner to be,
 I respec'fully answers her " No'm ;
 I hain't got religion but what fetches me
 Is seein' my sweetheart home."

So at church I'm ez reg'lar ez Sunday comes round
 Though I be but a scoffer and scorner.
 'Nd her love for the prodigal son is yit sound
 Though the guys from the "Amen corner"
 Do warn her.
 The "Love o' the Lord" 's a good thing, I
 suppose,
 Though few of us happens to know'm ;
 But the love of my Mandy is sweeter'n a rose
 When seein' my sweetheart home.

The very first time—I remember it well,
 The thought of it makes my pulse faster—
 I'd been shyin' 'round her 'nd spoonin' a spell ;
 'Nd that night I jest up 'nd as't her
 'S we passed her.
 'Twuz 'n oyster supper ; the boys war all there
 'Nd mebby they hooted us—blow'm !
 But Mandy clung tighter 'nd what did I care?
 I wuz seein' my sweetheart home.

There's bushels of fun at a spellin'-bee ;

My Mandy's a beautiful speller.

What she don't know about spellin', there be

No stuck-up 'nd citified feller

C'r tell her.

One tackled it onst ; when I got through with him,

I doubt if his mother 'd know 'm ;

But Mandy was crybaby like and so grim

When seein' my sweetheart home.

'Nd the quiltin' ; I mind when I called for her there

Where she with the women was sittin',

She colored clear up to the roots of her hair

When one of 'em hinted 'bout gittin'

The mitten.

I didn't ; we foller'd a round-about line,

Both of us preferrin' to roam ;

'Nd under the star-shine, she said she'd be mine

When seein' my sweetheart home.

And then for the dances ; we haven't no band

But fiddler Tom Nottingham answers ;

'Nd perhaps you don't think that a feller feels grand

When Mandy's a-teachin' the dancers

The lancers.

She's the picter o' grace, jest ez sure ez you're born ;

'Nd I love to dance with her, though'm

A thunderin' sight happier, long toward morn,

A-seein' my sweetheart home.

“There’s monnie a slip ‘twixt the cup ‘nd the lip ;”
 I’m takin’ no risks to be late in
 A-nailin’ it ‘fore there’s a chance for a slip.
 There’s no sort o’ sense in our waitin’
 ‘Bout matin’.
 I’ve bought with a snug, little house for my wife
 Forty acres of best valley loam ;
 ’Nd I count upon spendin’ the rest o’ my life
 A-seein’ my sweetheart *at* home.

JOHNNYCAKE HOLLOW.

Way off of the river, where nobody goes,
 All sunny’s a valley what blooms like the rose ;
 Folks do ez they please there for nobody knows.

That’s Johnnycake Hollow ; the niggers and whites
 Intermarries and lazes along there and fights.
 There’s great goin’s-on in them regions o’ nights.

Their own unrestrained inclinations they follow ;
 Ez happy they be if they hain’t got a dollar
 If jest left alone in their mudholes to wallow.

If maybe you chafe at society’s collar,
 Remember them “freemen” in Johnnycake Hollow
 And don’t think it freedom in mudholes to wallow.

MANDY'S COMIN' OUT.

I've read in magazeens and sich
 What reach the Kickapoo,
 There is a custom 'mong the rich
 Of havin' a debo'd.
 And, though about the matter I
 Don't know much, I confess,
 I s'pose it's some such fixin' ez
 My Mandy's first long dress.

I mind when first she put it on
 How tall and grand she seemed!
 I knowed to once she wuz the girl
 Of which I'd always dreamed.
 I never felt so awkward and
 My head was all a-whirl
 To find so high a lady 'stead
 Of jest a little girl.

Some girls what gits long dresses on
 Jest loses their pore heads;
 They straightway run amuck but sick
 Takes naterally to reds.
 My Mandy picked no colors gay
 But sober navy blue;
 There wuzn't none wuz modester
 Upon the Kickapoo.

And yit the day she got that dress
 Wuz a red-letter day;
 It meant she wuz a woman and
 Put childish things away.
 It fired new longings in her heart
 Fur things which wuz to be;
 I used to tremble when I feared
 She didn't long for me. |

Oh what a shinin' eye wuz her'n,
 Complexion red and white.
 In that long dress of navy blue
 She wuz a stunnin' sight.
 She wa'n't no gigglin' little fool,
 To simper, sulk or pout;
 You'd thought 'twas crownin' of a queen
 When Mandy first come out.

I like them words : "a-comin' out;"
 They 'minds me of a rose;
 The word "debut" though not so sweet,
 Means much the same, I s'pose.
 Perhaps the reason that I like
 Them very words is : She
 (Though I did not suspicion, then)
 Come out—to marry me.

JIM DAVIDSON.

It wa'n't her fault ; God gave her beauty—
 And He does mostly right—
 Jest ez He makes some on us sooty
 And others pink and white ;
 She couldn't help us lovin' of her
 And hadn't orter, none ;
 'Twuz nateral that we should love her
 Me and Jim Davidson.

We warn't lonely ; scores of fellows,
 Or them ez wished to be,
 Tagged after her, oneasy, jealous,
 Till each got his congè.
 'Twa'n't no use tryin' to dissemble ;
 'Twuz plain to everyone,
 That bein' near her made me tremble,
 Likewise Jim Davidson.

We figgered diff'rent ; long's she coldly
 Give no encouragement,
 I didn't pop ; but Jim—he boldly
 Went in for her consent.
 She mittened of him, right outspoken ;
 And then upon the run
 At midnight, sobbin' and heart-broken,
 Druv home Jim Davidson.

I'm bound to own my breath came freeer
 A-learnin' of his fate ;
 It meant the victor would be me or
 Not him at any rate.
 Y' see, he wuz too sudden or he
 Might like ez not hev won ;
 A-dreadin' *my* fate, I felt sorry
 For pore Jim Davidson.

There's them so light in the top story
 Ez don't know when they's licked ;
 Jim couldn't take a hint before he
 Hed more'n once ben kicked.
 He hung around her, wouldn't leave her,
 No matter what she done,
 Until I felt I must relieve her
 Of that Jim Davidson.

I couldn't face them eyes so lustrous,
 Live black like fresh-turned soil ;
 One look in sich is 'nuff to fluster us
 And our fine speeches spoil.
 Avoidin' of 'em, somehow I did
 Pluck courage to begun ;
 And then—she told me she'd decided
 To take Jim Davidson.

JESS WHITE.

She couldn't more 'n 'leven been
 When first I seen her —ruther less.
Her mother called her Jessamine ;
 Her father, short like, Jess.

She wuz so dainty, trim and sweet,
 With dimples in her smilin' face,
With curly hair and bare, brown feet
 And sich obligin' ways.

'Twas them obligin' ways, I 'spect,
 What brung her serious trouble later ;
For bein' cold and circumspect
 Wuz foreign to her nater.

Them yieldin' ways of Jessamine
 Her ruination brung about.
I mind when mother took her in—
 Her father'd turned her out.

I mind her baby, limp and red,
 Whut nursed and cried and nursed and cried ;
And how Jess wished 'twuz she wuz dead,
 The day her baby died.

I'm not a-saying but 'twould been
 Much better for her if she had ;
But only that pore Jessamine
 Wan't at the bottom bad.

That father who from the world's scoff
 Refused his child a sheltering arm—
The wages of her shame paid off
 The mortgage on his farm.

Long years ago she went away
 Jest ez she'd often said she'd do ;
She said she couldn't bear to stay
 Upon the Kickapoo.

I never seen her after that
 Nor heard of her returnin', nuther,
 'Cept once I ran across her at
 The grave of her dead mother.

With one quick look into my face,
 She turned away ez if in pain :
"You helped me, Jane, in my disgrace.
 Where lies my baby, Jane?"

Together we sought out the mound
 Where weeds had overgrown the sod ;
She throwed herself upon the ground
 And cried aloud to God.

Let others her misdeeds condemn ;
 They've maybe always done jest right.
With all respect for sich ez them,
 I pity old Jess White.

THE SOLDIERS' REUNION.

With tie a-screechin', snare drum's rattle,
 Jest ez if marching into battle,
 No matter what the wind or weather,
 The grizzled vet' runs come together.

Year after year they muster fewer,
 There'll precious soon be none the blue wore.
 In an unmilitary wry way
 They straggle down the dusty highway.

Like this, before, their legs got twisted
 When they ez raw recruits enlisted.
 I might a' laughed, then, seein' 'em wiggle,
 But now I'd sooner cry nor giggle.

Though not the whole of 'em is heroes,
 There ain't among 'em many zeros.
 Some on 'em mayn't to much amounted
 But in a fight they mostly counted.

If pore Joe Buckley by the river
 Did skulk behind the bank and shiver,
 There wuz a hundred of 'em for him
 Ez boldly faced the foe before 'em.



I love to hear the bluff old fellows
 About their wild adventures tell us ;
 There's no book-larnin' for a youngster
 Worth more than lis'nin' to them tongues stir.

May be they stretch the truth a little
 When they set down to talk and whittle ;
 But children, hearin' of 'em, wun't be
 Afeard to fight for home and country.

For, when they tell of Cap'n Burnett
 And his undaunted charge, why, durn it,
 To die beside him in the crater
 Seems somethin' of a glorious nater.

He led his comp'ny—'twuz his third 'un—
 Ez gallant ez I ever heard done ;
 Though I says so, ez hadn't oughter,
 Seein' 'z I'm married to his daughter.

Brave Cap'n, you give inspiration
 Unto the younger generation !
 And, all unmindful of their faults, so
 Does every other soldier, also.

God bless 'em, how I love to see 'em !
 If He saves anyone, 'twill be 'em.
 And soon or late ez it may happen,
 They'll all pass on to join the Cap'n.

EXAC'LY.

At twenty he set forth in life
With fifty cents, an ax and wife.
The chips flew fast, the money grew,
The wife showed what good wives can do.
And whatsoever happened him,
Sam Moore received it with a grim :
“Exac’ly !”

You see, the fellow was prepared
And, being so, could not be scared.
He bore his fortune, good or ill,
With calm and equable good will.
He weighed his chances, looked ahead
And, when he faced the outcome, said:
“Exac’ly !”

’Twas in that cheerful spirit he
Shouldered his gun the blacks to free ;
The hearty way that he concurred
Is rightly measured by that word.
And when he dropped ’mid shot and shell,
He grinned and muttered as he fell :
“Exac’ly !”

Sam Moore had counted well the cost
 And whimpered not at what he lost.
 And, when he limped back home, he found
 His thrifty wife had bought more ground,
 Though early all the fields were ploughed
 And all went well. Sam roared a proud :
 “Exac’ly !”

A brood of swarthy, stalwart boys
 Crowned his industrious life with joys.
 Their father, with them by the fire,
 Seemed more their brother than their sire.
 He in their merry sports partook,
 The while one read within his look :
 “Exac’ly !”

Some evil morning, I suppose,
 That brave and sunny life will close ;
 When the dread visitor shall come,
 He will not find his victim glum.
 Prepared, into the teeth of death,
 Sam Moore will fling with his last breath :
 “Exac’ly !”

He never did his fellow harm ;
 He moiled and labored on his farm ;
 He gave mankind more than he took
 And need not dread the reckoning-book.
 When with Saint Peter he makes off,
 He’ll greet old Nick with kindly scoff :
 “Exac’ly !”

ALL ALONG O' HIM.

When I wuz jest a little girl,
 I knowed a little lad
 Who wuz my steady playmate and
 The only one I had.
 And, though he bossed me round a lot,
 I thought a lot o' Jim,
 Howsome the scoldin's that I got
 Wuz all along o' him.

Y' see, the chap wuz mischievous
 And full o' devilment ;
 He wuzn't still a minute 'cept
 When he to bed wuz sent.
 He'd do the most outlandish things
 Whene'er he took the whim ;
 Yet nary pleasures had I but
 Wuz all along o' him.

When I put on long dresses and
 Picked Jim out for my beau,
 Paw ordered ot him off the place
 And pore Jim had to go.
 But other fellers whut shied 'round
 Found that their chance wuz slim ;
 They couldn't seem to suit my eye
 When set along o' him.

I mind a preacher-feller what
 My mother choosed for me
 But red-hair and religion could
 Not anyway agree.
 And then the fresh schoolmaster what
 We nick-named "Dandy Tim;"
 Jim smiled when he wuz mittened fur
 'Twuz all along o' him.

I mind, too, when I rode the colt
 That never had been broke;
 He gave one jump straight upward and
 Run down the road like smoke.
 He dumped me in the Kickapoo;
 'Twuz lucky Jim could swim
 Fur that I live to tell the tale
 Wuz all along o' him.

We run away together and
 The preacher tied the knot.
 My father on that very colt
 Wuz chasin' of us, hot.
 He told me: "Never let me see
 Yore face again," so grim;
 I fainted on Jim's bosom fur
 'Twuz all along o' him.

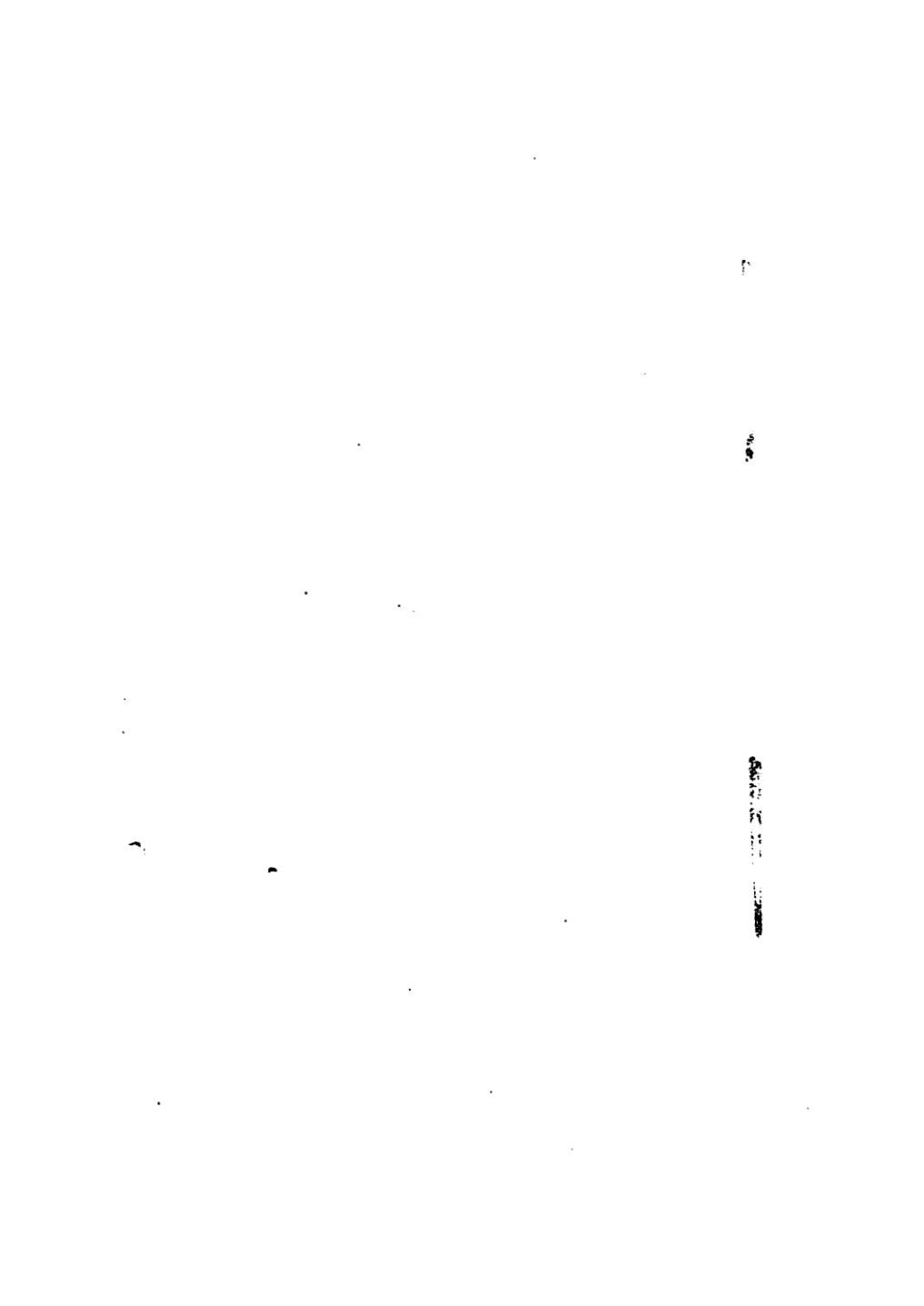
Them days is over ; paw and maw
 Are livin' with us and
 There's none respecteder nor Jim
 Nowhere in all this land.
 Y' see, the young boy's devilment
 Wuz in the grown man, vim ;
 They calls me "Mrs. Senator"
 And all along o' him.

The babies came, God bless 'em ! They're
 Ez lively ez their paw ;
 And somehow their mischievousness
 Don't worry paw or maw.
 But when I think of little Bess
 That's dead, my eyes grow dim ;
 The dearest, sweetest, saddest things
 Is all along o' him.

We've spent twelve years together and
 'Twuz all clear happiness ;
 Some day, I know, we both will go
 A-seeking little Bess.
 I hope we'll go together fur
 I couldn't part from Jim ;
 It wouldn't be no heaven fur me
 Unless along *with* him.

KISMET.

A DRAMA OF THE NEW TIME



PROLOGUE.

*THE bird tells not in fulsome song
A round romance.*

*The bird sings but the joys that throng
The ills that rankle, sorrow, wrong
Or what may chance.*

*The bird speaks not to listening ears
But to the sky.*

*He voices but emotions, fears,
The glow of joy, the glist of tears
And so have I.*

*But from our songs, spontaneous, may
The thoughtful scan
The varying story of life's way
Though thread connect not lay with lay.
Read, then, who can !*

I wonder what she is dreaming of,
 Now that the dance is done;
 I cannot sleep for the ebb of love
 And watch for the tardy sun
 Who stays his rising out there in the east
 And shyly withholds his face;
 For with his light shall my dream have ceased,
 My folly be out of place.

It was a flutter of sweet sensations,
 That wildering night of nights;
 We lost for a moment all earth's relations
 To wander upon the heights.
 She lay in my arms in the waltz's whirl;
 I know not if others were there;
 I could not see past my queenly girl
 And the mesh of her golden hair;

Past that fair face with its crown of hair;
 That gracefully tilted neck;
 That dimpled, wavering chin; the bare,
 White shoulders without a speck;
 Past gems that glitter but not adorn
 And eyes far brighter then they
 And lips as red as the lips of morn
 Which conjure the night away.

I felt her body beneath my arm
 Sway yieldingly to and fro;
 Her lashes drooped in a shy alarm
 Lest eyes should her passion show;
 Her breath flowed warm on my glowing cheek
 But labored as with sweet pain;
 Beneath my gaze was her spirit weak,
 I ought to have spoken then.

But we were out on the heights alone,
 Alone on the heights at play,
 And music told in impassioned tone
 Far more than my lips could say.
 I dared not utter a single word
 To say that I loved her well
 Lest the faintest whisper was ever heard
 Might trouble and break the spell.

The sun is up and my dream goes over
 Like mists before his rays.
 There is no place for a plaining lover
 In nineteenth century days;
 And I am out of joint with the times:
 The rich now reserve the fair
 And I am only a maker of rhymes;
 My rival's a millionaire.

*Young love is like another child.
 His world is new.
 He peoples it with fancies wild
 And none is true.
 His boasts are strong, his deeds are mild;
 He dares not do.*

II.

At times I loose my spirit from despair
 And bid him wing amid the heavenly blue;
 But straightway that his drooping powers renew,
 Deaf unto my commands he cleaves the air
 That circles the round earth and everywhere
 Searches the haunts of womankind for you.
 Ambrosial kisses doth he rather sue
 Than blissful banquets of the gods to share
 And roves in quest of sighs that 'scape your breast,
 Contemning noble draughts of nectar wine;
 But back returns he from his bootless quest
 Yet deeper in dark shadows to repine;
 Neither to win your grace nor be at rest;
 It is a melancholy fate—and mine.

*Young love is eloquent when all alone
 But is undone
 When he would make his fervent passion known
 To the dear one,
 For then all virtues seems the maid to own,
 While he has none.*

III.

I gazed into th' immeasured world of night,
 A world peopled with stars whose beaming eyes
 Through the transparent windows of the skies
 Distend to earth their scintillating light.
 I saw a star in wild, impatient flight
 Speed like a warrior in a high emprise.
 Brave spirit that might hope to seize the prize
 From Cynthia's lips, denied to every knight.
 This night he hath his highest bliss attained,
 Hath kissed the queenly maiden as he passed
 But lost his guerdon ere 'twas fairly gained.
 She frowned, swept by him and it was his last.
 My colder love than Dian has not deigned
 One such a favor to her serf to cast.

*Love sees not clearly as he ought
 For love is blind ;
 And, therefore, maddened by the thought
 Of mischief which himself has wrought,
 Calls fate unkind.*

IV.

The day is past when my heart was glad,
 My spirit was light and free;
 For time is fleet and he runneth fast
 And lingereth not for me
 Who have laid me down in my lonely state
 To plain 'neath the wildwood tree.
 He works the wishes of Providence
 But king of us all is he.

He marks my life with a thousand griefs
 But this is the deepest woe.
 The explanation vouchsafed to me
 Is—silence. God wills it so.
 He who sits high on the great, white throne
 And watches our lives below,
 Adjudged me worthy of punishment
 And heavy has been the blow.

My soul conceived of too high a flight;
 Jehovah hath cast it down.
 I left the regions of upper air
 To grovel upon the ground.
 I call the mountains to cover me
 With mighty, sepulchral mound;
 Better far away from the sight of men
 Than 'neath the Almighty's frown!

I made an idol of human clay
 And down at her feet I knelt;
 I loved the shape with a boundless love,
 So great was the joy I felt!
 The Lord of Hosts is a jealous god;
 A terrible doom he spelt.
 My idol crumbled away to dust,
 So cruel a blow was dealt.

I could have borne, had my love been laid
 Low under the sod at rest;
 I could have looked unto heaven and said:
 "My Father, Thou knowest best."
 But he hath taken away from me
 The blossom most loved and blest
 And not to bloom in his heaven-land—
 To wilt on another's breast.

My woe is more than my soul can bear;
 I am sinking beneath the weight.
 The nightingale to the rose still sings
 But I—I have lost my mate.
 His strain is happy but mine is sad
 For I am accursed by fate
 Since the scant blessings that time may bring
 Will only be sent too late.

Mine eyes are wet with the grass at eve
 And wet with the grass at morn.
 My soul in beauty hath no delight
 But loveliness sees with scorn.
 My soul is sick with a deadly pain,
 Companionless and forlorn,
 And I have cursed with a bitter curse
 The morning that I was born.

There shineth into my chambered soul
 No ray from the gladdening sun
And I am weary of living now
 When living has just begun.
 I count the hours as they creep like snails
 By tears which like rivers run
 And scarce have courage to breath the prayer:
 "My Father, Thy will be done!"

*Love doth recover his esteem when he
 The game has lost.
 No virtue in his rival can he see.
 He thus laments complacently that she
 Will suffer most.*

V.

"Farewell!" reluctantly the bright Day said
 At even and his lady-love forsook,
 The blue-eyed Sky whose blush and dewy look
 Heated his heart to frenzy as he sped.
 Ah, base, deceptive cheeks that glow so red!
 His fond farewell the Day but scarcely took
 When, falser than a siren in a book,
 The fickle Sky a sportive dalliance led.
 For stealthily mounts up the dark-browed Night
 And tempts the foolish girl with precious gems
 Which from his sable robes deflect their light
 Like diamonds dangling down from golden
 stems.
 Thus she who loves me not, now grants delight
 To one unfit to touch her garments' hem.

VI.

Two years and it is a dream already;
 I was so young and so foolish then.
 We met today and my pulse was steady,
 'Twill never throb at her touch again.
 I left here once to avoid her face,
 A love-lorn poet unknown to fame,
 And now return to the selfsame place
 To find, while absent, I made a name.

I wandered out from the haunts of men
 And hid myself in the golden west.
 I chased the bison across the plain,
 The grizzly over the mountain-crest.
 I sought a balsam to heal my heart
 From rugged firs on the western slope
 And there I found from the world apart
 A fair young creature who bade me hope.

Ah, well! How soon it is all forgot!
 One short-lived pang and then all is over!
 I reck but little she loved me not
 And still am glad to have been her lover.
 And now while here at the lakes at play
 Where people stare at me if I stir,
 I sometimes wonder what she would say
 If told my verses were sung for her.

This morn I saw her in pride of dress,
 Erect and stately sweep down the street.
 Her face was classical loveliness
 But hard as the asphalt beneath her feet.
 Her bow in passing was studied grace
 But wanting in human sympathy;
 I looked in vain in that fair, proud face
 For signs of gentle humanity.

My love is clad in a simple gown;
 Her air is fitting to Nature's child;
 Her manners and dress were not made in town;
 She is simple, gentle and undefiled.
 Her beauty is that of the sweet wild-flower;
 Her eyes know not to conceal her love.
 The tears they shed in a by-gone hour
 All radiant glances are prized above.

*Sad are the souls that wait !
 Sad they who lose what their hearts have won !
 The fiercest agony under the sun
 Is his who awakes too late !*

VII.

“ You should have spoken before.”
 These were the words she said.
 I lingered too long at the door
 While others pushed in ahead.

How was it she came to say that to me?

Let me see!

I cannot remember; my brain is on fire!

I thought I had stifled each spark of desire

But now the flame rages again.

I'll hie me out into the rain.

The bleak wind is beating,

'Tis thund'ring and sleet ing

And lightning is playing about my brow.

I am in my element now.

There is tumult within and without.

There pent by the walls of a room,

I was like a live man in a tomb.

There's no one about.

The others draw back from a lowering sky;

Not I!

I uncover my head

To its pelting instead.

I have nothing now in the long years ahead

But to die.

Then therefore, indeed, should I fly?

Ah yes, I remember; we were all alone

On the lake.

I thought of the wonders I once would have done

For her sake.

It all came back to me then once more,

The old love came that I held as dead,

As it was of yore.

I knew it was wrong
 But temptation was strong
 And I said,
 As I leaned far back in the boat,
 That I once had a dream
 To woo her and win her and wed.
 I tried to laugh as I spoke;
 The laugh died away in my throat
 In a sob that I struggled to choke.
 Nor yet did it seem
 That she heeded or heard
 Or felt any sense of alarm.
 She sat looking peacefully up at the sky
 And said never a word.
 Then slowly she sobered and woke
 And said with a sigh instead of reply:
 "We will go now; I fear it will storm."

I scarce knew what I did,
 How we came to the shore.
 She sat with the rudder in hand.
 Her face in the shadow was hid.
 I know nothing more
 Save this: she said as she stepped on the land,
 "You should have spoken before;"
 And left me alone on the sand.

Oh God, that the past might return!
 That yon lightning flashes
 Might kindle the ashes

Of the dead till they spring from their urn !
 How could I have been so blind!
 She loved me and thought me unkind;
 She held none other so dear.
 Her words are maddening reproof
 That I who should have been near
 Was ever lagging aloof,
 Was wailing my love to the listless wind
 And plaining far into the night
 When I should have spoken it out like a man
 And dared to utter what any fool can,
 Not sit down and write.

The kindly heavens, they weep for me.
 The tempest beats high
 Like the storm in my bosom but I
 Can find no tears for my misery;
 Their fountain is dry.
 I could weep in the years gone by;
 I was too prone to be weeping then
 Like foolish young maids love-lorn.
 Yes, I could weep when I should have been
 Scourging myself with scorn.
 A fool keeps silence when he should speak
 And speaks out boldly when 'tis too late,
 When he awakes to his hapless fate.
 These things I shudder to contemplate
 And quake with fears
 Lest my temptation should prove too great
 And my soul's temper should be too weak;
 And—I have no tears.

*Love is soft-hearted; he has two to please
 And may not press
 His fervent suit when beauty on her knees
 Doth love confess
 But no way consonant with honor sees
 To say him "Yes."*

VIII.

Poor little eyes and faltering heart,
 What have ye to do with me?
 "We've nothing to do. Oh, stand apart
 And leave us, so weak are we!"

Mine eyes are large and they blaze like fires;
 They kindle, they burn, they glow.
 And till I have pampered my heart's desires,
 They revel in life and grow.

Come out of yourself and be one with me
 And you shall be strong as I
 And plunge with joy into life's rough sea,
 Not sit on the shore and sigh.

Oh, I will break through your fragile bars
 And flood you with living might.
 "Pray leave me! I am too weak for wars
 And I am too weak for flight."

Your cheeks are pale and your pulse is weak.

Your lips and your breath are chill;
My breath is hot and afire my cheek,
My blood not a moment still.

You shall be mine; I have won the game.

The dice are loaded to win.
Your eye shall sparkle, your cheeks shall flame.
My love is your medicine.

Thus shall you live in a single hour
The life of a thousand years.

“Pray leave me; pity my little power,
Too feeble for else than tears!”

Ah love, my heart you have set at strife:
The battle is yours at length.

I pity, love, and your lack of life,
Your weakness is more than strength.

The soul is greatest that is the least
And I am too rough to woo

For man is man and may not be beast
When pity is spoken to.

Then pray remember me with no fears;
My masterful mood forget!

“It may be so at the end of years;
But leave me; I cannot, yet!”

My heart is sad at the lesson learned;
 My passion is cold and dead;
 The fire that late in my bosom burned
 Is ashes upon my head.
 I see you love, for a destiny;
 'T is surely no common lot
 When others whisper "Remember me!"
 To say "I were best forgot."

Love finds in tears and gloats on agony;
He has no heart.
Love's temper melts at sorrow's plight and he
Shows more his fires with sympathy
And bids depart.

IX.

Too slow for Paris was the vessel's course
 That bore him to his Helen o'er the sea.
 His heart leaped at the thought of joy to be.
 He prayed the winds to hurry from their source
 And through the flapping canvas bellow hoarse
 That he the sooner might his mistress see.
 Of gods' or mortals' vengeance recked not he;
 He did not fear to win his bride by force.
 To his dumb passion vows were mockery;
 Such obstacles but added greater zest.
 What though the sometime flood with misery
 It now he have of earth the loveliest!
 Ah Paris, if I were a man like thee,
 Like thee might I be more than mortal blest!

*Love grows with distance ; when our planet wheels
Far from the sun,
The more the mighty influence she feels.
Thus through the distance love's enchantment steals
Till all is won ;
She with warm rapture to his image kneels
And is undone.*

Her Song.

Dearest, though the world divide us,
Though all hands restrain,
Though they strive to part and hide us,
It shall be in vain.
I will struggle bravely, strongly,
Be it done in pain
That, oh darling, right or wrongly,
We may meet again.

*I have loved divinely, spirit;
Shall it be in vain
That thou oft hast bent to hear it
Spoke by lips so plain,
Lips thine own once hushed in kisses?
Oh, in balm or bane,
Grant it, if in woes or blisses,
That we meet again!*

Wouldst thou pierce the bosom, fickle,
 Where thine head hath lain,
 All relentless as the sickle
 Reaps the nodding grain?
 Would thy flaming passion perish
 In the one great strain,
 Leaving me no more to cherish
 That we meet again?

 Even could I see it clearly,
 Might I read it plain,
 That if thou embrace me dearly,
 'Twill be but to stain;
 Dearest, I would all conceal it.
 Be it loss or gain,
 Come what is to come, I feel it:
 We must meet again!

*A prisoner Love sat one day,
 Hemmed in by fate.
 But, soon or late
 The subtle urchin found a way
 To storm the gate.*

X.

Oh, which shall it be, thou fairest?
 I trouble me: Which shall it be?
 Shall the tenderest flower and the rarest
 Break loose and be tossed on life's sea
 To crush out its fragrance to me?

Break loose from all ties in its anguish,
 Its torment of passionate pain?
 Break loose to be mangled and languish
 In perpetual seeking in vain
 The peace that comes never again?

Or shall the fair blossom yet linger
 And hoard all its sweet in its cup?
 Not come to be bruised with the finger
 Till all its dear nectar ooze up,
 Mad nectar for mad lips to sup?

Oh, which shall it be, thou fai.est,
 That destiny hidden so well?
 Shall it be as I fear and thou darest,
 That we shall pass under the spell
 Of love, more relentless than hell?

That our slumbering passions shall waken
 And laugh at our hatches and bars;
 Our indolent souls shall be shaken
 Till glowing like night with her stars,
 Like night with hot Venus and Mars?

Mine eyes dost thou fear and thou shadest—
 Thou bearest it not how they shine.
 Oh, how will it be when thou braidest
 Thine hair 'round these shoulders of mine
 And reel at the taste of their brine?

When thy lithe neck is stinging with kisses,
 Thy blue veins are tingling with fire,
 Thy white limbs a-quiver with blisses,
 Thy straining, hot eyeballs tire
 And thy lips are parched with desire?

When, freed from its prisoning bodice,
 Thy bright bosom flutters and throbs?
 When all the weird charm of a goddess
 Thy face's flush ecstasy robs
 And thou art vibrating with sobs?

When thy breath comes in murmurs and rushes,
 The pulse in thine ear is a tune,
 Thy cheek is incrimsoned with blushes,
 Then pale as the passionless moon
 And thy senses flow out in a swoon?

Beware, love, these eyes are no measure
 For the tumult of passion within,
 The love that is fleeting as pleasure
 And coy as a virgin to win
 But darker and fiercer than sin!

Then, hark to the words of thy poet!
 Give heed to the words that he saith!
 Oh, ask me not love, how I know it!
 Though sweeter than violets' breath,
 Yet love is more bitter than death.

*Love likes not gifts that cause the giver pain
 And questions still:
 "Is this thy pleasure, sweet? Say, once again:
 Is this thy will?"*

XI.

What have I done! What have I done!
 There is no radiance in the sun,
 No cheerfulness in day;
 My soul is sad alway
 Since I the prize I longed for, won
 And thus my cherished have undone.

But oh, the hunger of her eye
 That urged me: "Never let me go!"
 Albeit that with word and sigh
 Her uttered language said not so!
 Poor lips! They, pleading with me, longed
 That self-same moment to be kissed
 And faltered like an infant wronged,
 Yet would not for the world be missed.

Why breathed I not the invocation:
 "Lord, lead us not into temptation;
 Deliver us from evil!"
 Before the heart's upheaval
 Upset the judgment's firm foundation
 And swallowed sense up in sensation!



But oh, the crimson of her cheek—
 Dear color, born of joy and pain,
 Meaning her heart was all too weak
 To smother down its fires again!
 Sweet bloom what partly stood for shame
 And partly for anticipation,
 Fanning my passion unto flame
 While moving my commiseration!

When it was honorable to woo her,
 I languished, wanting heart to sue her
 And sure refusal face.
 I am become so base
 That I who love her, now pursue her
 As if I hated, to undo her.

But oh, the clutch of those mad arms,
 Soft, clinging arms which, warm and bare,
 Pressed me against her bosom's charms
 As they would hold me ever there!
 And oh, the murmuring breath—the tears!
 Let come what will come after death
 If through my few, remaining years
 I may but drink that perfumed breath!

XII.

The wind of the night is chill,
 The face of yon star is pale
 And all is still.
 Ah, never an eastern tale
 Told of night so still as this is,
 Told of night so meet for blisses!

I wait in the lane alone,
 Sweet love, mine own!
 And the cold wind flows on my fevered face
 Like spray from the ocean blown.
 I will linger, love, in the self-same place
 Till I hear the sound
 On the frosty ground
 Of thy little foot, lightly thrown.

How weary the moments are!
 Mine only companion is
 Yon lonely star.
 A wearier waiting, his;
 Not the ceaseless watch of ages
 His untiring zeal assuages.

She cometh, I hear her feet,
 Fair love, oh sweet!
 I hear her step on the frosty stair
 Fall lighter than hearts can beat;
 And every tremulous wave of air
 To my sensitive ear
 Bears rapture and fear.
 Oh, what will it be to meet!

The breezes are lulled to sleep
 And only one star aloft
 Doth vigil keep.
 That vigil he keeps so oft
 Finds a soul so fevered never
 Though he watch for aye and ever.

How long on the frosty air,
Sweet love, oh fair!

The heavy strain of this long suspense
Is more than my heart can bear;
For my soul is touched to a pain intense
When earth's alarms
In the frost-kings arms
She doth in sharp cries declare.

Oh, how hath the night grown dark!
Her curtains hide all away
And none shall mark.

A curse on the glaring day
Who all secret love discloses,
In whose glow no eye reposes.

She cometh to me tonight,
Fair love, oh bright!

Her perfumed breath is upon my cheek
Which burns in its mad delight.
We gaze, we kiss but we will not speak
Lest words dispel
The mystic spell
Of our ravishing midnight flight.

Press, darkness, upon the land!
And dull the quick eyes of men
With magic wand!
I would that no soul should ken
How the priceless urns of pleasure
Unto us outpour their treasure.

Alone in the darkness here,
 Fond love, oh dear!
There shineth on us no single ray
 Save one from yon wakeful sphere.
Cling, love, and kiss! He will not betray.
 All else is far
 As yon lone star
 And only thy lover near.

*The spirit ever seeks the good
 But flesh is lust ;
 Man is not made of stone or wood
 But fiery dust ;
 He does not as he would or should
 But as he must.*

XIII.

Again the face of the hateful dawn
 Peers out from the curtained east.
 She chills all hearts that she looks upon
 Like skeletons at a feast.
 She laughs to scorn our romantic dream.
 The great disenchантress she;
 She compels the eye from the things that seem
 To things that truly be.

And art thou weeping, my bride?
 And wherefore dost thou weep?
 I kneel me down by thy side;
 Turn thee again and sleep!
 Oh, not to bring darkness into thy life,
 Sweet love, did I come to thee.
 Then weep not, weep not, my pretty wife,
 And hide not thine eyes from me.

All secrets blazons abroad the light,
 Abashing the stars on high.
 Since Phoebus tattled on Aphrodite,
 He ever has been a spy.
 My lady shrinks from the prying sun
 And clings to the past for then
 She only thought of the day when done
 And to long for the day again.

Oh, weep no longer, dear girl!
 Hast thou not thy heart's desire?
 Hush, fairest, every pearl
 Blisters my heart like fire.
 Thine eyes I fresh with my gentle breath,
 Upon me recline thy head.
 Forget the past for the past is death;
 Let the dead past bury its dead.

The glittering bevy of stars is fled;
 Night's empress is pale and wan,
 Like a worn-out hostess with drooping head
 When all of the guests are gone.
 Like Icarus, I at the eventide
 Have dared to take wings and soar.
 The sun's shafts humbled my vaulting pride;
 I hobble and crawl as before.

I kiss the teardrops away.
 Oh, smile on me once again
 And weep no longer but say
 What is thy spirit's pain!
 Art weary already of passion's play?
 Thy pinions too weak to fly?
 Ah love, there be many that fall by the way
 And many that faint and die.

The morning now is the hour of gloom.
 Not such was it wont to be.
 I flit me now like a ghost to my tomb
 When daylight shines in on me.
 My griefs once left me at morning light;
 At night, now, I lay them by.
 Whose deeds are evil, they love the night
 And such an one now am I.

Ay. lay thy head on my breast
 And close thy poor eyes in sleep.
 There's ever, love, at the best
 Plenty of time to weep.
 So kiss me, dearest, that I may know
 That I am forgiven my sin.
 Alas, to lose was but little woe
 To what it has been to win.

Sad angels' eyes have the flowers kissed
 Ere ever the bold sun shone;
 Beneath his glare are their teardrops mist
 That chilleth me to the bone.
 In darkness weep the sad angels dew;
 I weep when the day doth break.
 Oh, God, that visions should prove so true
 And yet that we must awake!

Sleep on, fair dreamer, sleep on!
 Pass over the day in sleep!
 I pray that never a dawn
 Waken thee more to weep.
 I wonder: Would we have done as we did,
 If knowing what was to be?
 But that lay under the shadows hid;
 No eye can the future see.

Day's beauty is a bedizened thing,
 Tricked out in the gayest hues.
 Her praises never a bard shall sing,
 Her never a lover choose.
 The night is clad in a sable dress,
 Her charms may not all espy;
 But they who gaze on her loveliness
 Would liefer than waken die.

How sweetly slumbers she on!
 Death's chosen, they sleep just so
 For then their anguish is gone,
 Then they forget their woe.
 Sweet love, the angels, they watch for thee;
 Thy coming I would not stay.
 We pierced together night's mystery;
 Alone I would face the day.

The sun's glare brazens the hollow sky
 And mocks me in my despair.
 He hath no mercy for such as I
 And layeth my secrets bare.
 He bares my secrets so men can mark
 How I tempted her feet to stray
 And all I wrought in the friendly dark
 Is naked before the day.

Oh, waken never again ;
 At peace on my bosom lie !
 I bore thee over the plain
 Only to droop and die.
 The gods judge wisely; they know the right.
 When life had no more to give,
 They veiled thine eyes from the cruel light
 While I—I am doomed to live.

*More harsh than nature human customs are.
 Whoso would fly
 In custom's face, must ready be to war
 And strong is he the struggle does not mar;
 The weak must die.*

XIV.

There's a beautiful lady that sits with me
 Each day at the eventide;
 A spirit, a vision of air is she
 And I call her my spirit-bride.
 She is like unto one that I loved and lost,
 Alike her but not the same;
 For she loveth me more than a mortal's most
 With a love that is free from blame.

No vows have we plighted, this lady and I;
 She knoweth I love her well
 And I never can doubt that her deep, dark eye
 Speaks truths that my soul may tell.
 For pure as the spirits of saints are pure,
 The beautiful lady is;
 And her love like the love of the Christ is sure,
 Like the love of the angels, bliss.

She speaketh no word and no words she needs
 Save the aëry breath of sighs;
 What language can speak to the heart that bleeds
 Like the language of faithful eyes?
 But my forehead she bathes in her shadowy hair
 And my spirit she bathes in peace
 Till I feel the sweet quiet of ether air
 And the woes at my heartstrings cease.

Thus together we sit in the even, calm;
 As calm as the even, I
 For her soft hand, it lieth upon my palm
 As light as a dream doth lie.
 Till she waveth farewell for the night has come;
 She fleeth far into the night;
 Far into the night to her spirit-home
 She wingeth her spirit-flight.



And, albeit she speaketh no word to me,
 I know by her gaze so true
 And, so loyal am I and so royal she,
 I do what she would I do;
 For the brow that is bathed in her shadowy hair
 Must be free from the thought of wrong
 And the peace that belongeth to ether air
 Pervadeth my spirit long.

XV.

Prometheus lies in fiercest agony,
 Forbidden to repose. The vulture's beak
 Toys with his vitals till his life grows weak
 And he is near to death; but may not die.
 Light kindles slowly in the glassy eye;
 Fresh, rosy blood works back to the wan cheek.
 Such mortal vengeance do th' immortals wreak
 On whoso dares in custom's face to fly.
 Though not so patiently I bear my grief
 But moan and seek to tell in some degree
 How sharp these pains are that exceed belief,
 Prometheus! all too like in woe are we
 Save by that day thou findest some relief
 While with the nightfall angels visit me!

Epilogue.

In the world there are sorrows now;
No lip tastes of pleasure alone.
Each soul hath delights of its own,
Each soul hath its measure of woe.

*And he who may know the most grief
 And he who may know the most joy,
 They are one and that soul is a toy
 And is played as the wind plays a leaf.*

*That soul was her bane and her dower,
 As bright as the spirit of day,
 As musical, too, as the lay
 Of a fairy bird in a fairy bower
 And delicate as a celestial flower.
 He sang to her; he, in a way
 Of monarchs, with might like a king's,
 In strains like the thunder-cloud sings.*

*He had power that throbbed through her soul,
 The strength of the strongest of men,
 A force that he could not control,
 That asked not where or the when,
 That bore him away with a rushing of wings
 In a passionate, purposeless flight,
 Ne'er caring for wrong or for right.
 He sang as he was on that night,
 A song of strange grief and delight,
 A song that re-echoed upon the light strings
 Of her being and moved them to speak—
 Speak soft and speak low to her innermost breast
 Most beautiful, wonderful things,
 That spread the deep blush on her cheek
 And lit the warm light in her eye*

*That ruffled her spirit to blissful unrest
 And drew from her bosom a sigh,
 That added false strength to the weak,
 Such power as delirium brings;
 For it flowed like the stream
 Of a heavenly dream
 And lifted her up to realms of the blest.
 It filled her
 And thrilled her
 In every sense
 Till she rose from herself like a bird from its nest.
 Each throb made the fulness intense;
 For he played on her heart as he played on the keys
 At his sovereign will
 And he struck the clear chords of the wild symphonies
 With masterly skill.*

*Distrusting the way that he led.
 She wavered but could not deny.
 Her life to this vision was wed;
 To waken was surely to die.
 And he soothed her affright by a word that he said:
 Only a word
 But its burden was love;
 Whispered, half-heard—
 It seemed from above
 Mysterious radiance an angel had shed
 From his snowy-white wings and celestial head.
 She harbored no lingering dread
 But yielded her will to his own;
 And every moment was pleasure*

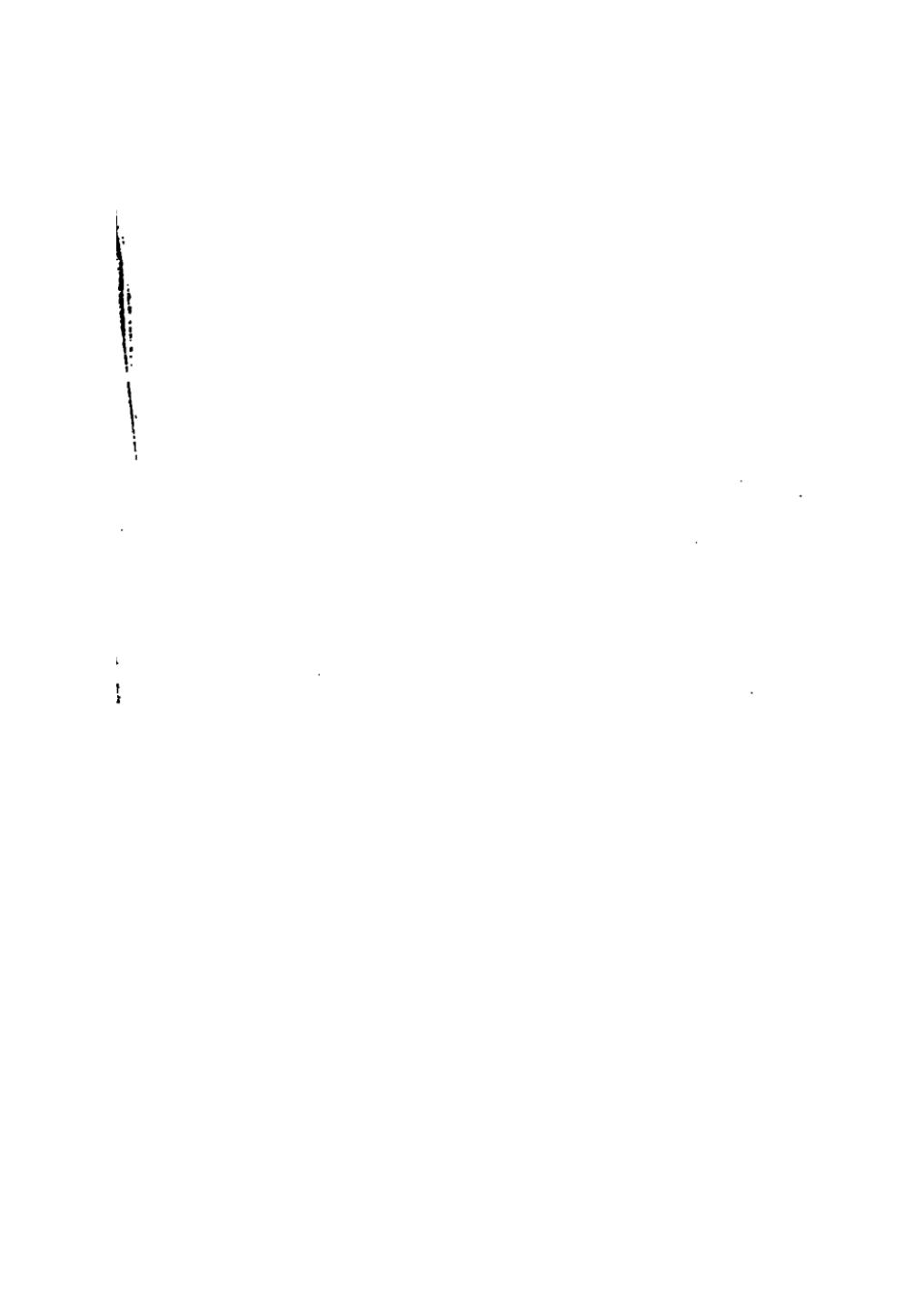
*And every moment was pain.
 She answered his every tone,
 In perfect and consonant measure
 Repeated each passionate strain.*

*As the tremulous lute
 Responds to the flute,
 Each melody sounded again.
 They twain for the moment were one,
 So wholly her spirit was won.*

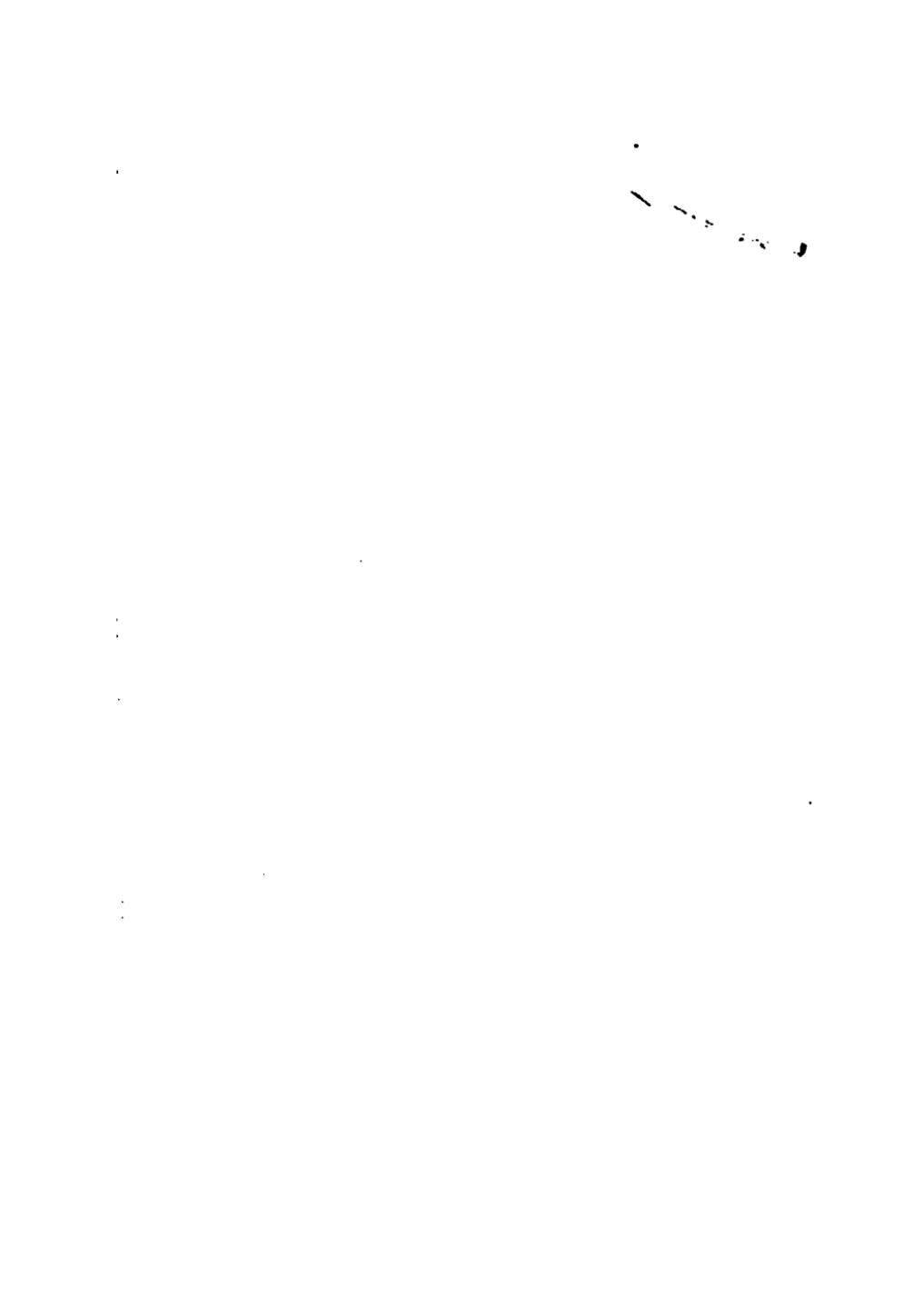
*Alas to be said !
 With too rude hands did he strike on the strings
 As if a great eagle with ponderous wings
 Should venture to play
 On the gossamer thread
 Of the harp of a fay.
 And thus was the maiden undone.
 The night laid his pall on her day;
 For the deed that men speak about under their breath
 To others is shame but to her it was death.
 'Twas death for the child of the sun
 To be stung by the passion of clay.*

*For the delicate chords were not merely unstrung;
 They were broken asunder, every one,
 And the music forever was fled.
 Alas, there are songs that were better unsung,
 There are words that were better unsaid
 And an injury done to the dead
 Is an injury never undone.*











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